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Editorial

THE WAY OF THE WORLD—does not enter the second half of the twentieth century until 1 January 1951, but many newspapers and periodicals will celebrate the event this month, and we are quick to take our place with them. This anticipation, however, is not merely a mistake in date, but is yet the symbol of profound intuition; for Europe is not dead or resting upon its past achievements or dramatising itself as a victim, but is taking itself towards its own future. It is in the light of this alone that its past is to be understood and an appraisal of even so short a span as the last half century is to be wisely undertaken. The future whose coming we anticipate and celebrate is ours, and so is the past upon which we throw a light when we sum up Europe's past.

We have not forgotten the spiritual cultures of India and China, or have taken them as museum pieces, or have assumed that the history of Europe is the same as the history of the world. Neither have we forgotten America and Russia; for Europe is not the gap (or the brittle bridge, if that is preferred) between these two. These are Europe, and the tension between them is but the latest historical manifestation of the polarity of the life of freedom and the freedom in life which it has been the troubled destiny of Europe ever to maintain. The Communist victory in China may yet prove to be the latest and most spectacular of Europe's conquests and, if the tension of polarity does not result in the forging of bonds of fidelity between man and man but snaps into isolated extremes, the most catastrophic.

We have spoken of Europe because out of it has come, during the first half of this century, the destruction of two global wars, the threat to the existence of man everywhere, the widespread suicidal resentment against life of the uprooted intellectual, the brute force, terror and horror of pitiless things. Here there is nothing to celebrate. That which here takes itself towards its own future is nothing; here the inherent power of being is cancelled. But out of Europe, in the midst of the waste of resentment and of the betrayal by pitiless things, in the midst of the absolute denial of the worth of another, has come also the re-affirmation of the power by which man may live creatively, of the lived, endured hope by which he may triumph over every threat to his existence. It is this which we celebrate. It is this which is found still to be taking itself towards its own future. This is the inherent power of being.

The first half of this century has been what we have known it to be; it may yet be found to have been the age of faith and of hope.

NEW HORIZONS

The disappearance of *Horizon* has caused, and quite rightly, a murmur of lament in many circles. For once even some of our

most distinguished weeklies and Sunday papers broke their traditional reticence to acknowledge the fine achievement of the vanishing magazine. This tribute must have been small consolation for Mr. Cyril Connolly, who brought off the remarkable feat of editing the journal for a whole decade, and it must encourage others with the hope that even the most neglected of 'little reviews' may yet get an honourable mention somewhere, if only it would oblige and close its pages. But these tributes also prompt the sober reflection that *Horizon* might still be alive today, and other magazines might have been given a new lease of life, if only this expression of sympathy had been offered while the paper was still a struggling concern, and thus dependent on goodwill and genuine interest.

As things are, and they are not likely to get much better, Mr. Connolly had some very cogent reasons to offer for the closing down of *Horizon*. Some were personal, though the 'staleness of the editor', temporary or otherwise, is an illness to which too little attention is generally paid, especially where small journals which depend on small staffs are concerned; others—the apathy of the buying public and lack of writers, above all new ones—are more impersonal and more valid. But it does go a bit too far—or is it merely the same conspiracy of silence that condemned *Horizon*?—when the editorial writers begin to deplore the lack of any successor to Mr. Connolly's paper. The death of the King is traditionally heralded by the cry: 'Long live the King!' Surely *Horizon* is not more royal than royalty, and the death of one magazine does not mean the end of all literary journals? In fact, now that rumours that paper restrictions on new magazines may be lifted have been confirmed, we can expect a glut of literary journals on the bookstalls. There will always be some people enterprising enough to venture into this perilous game, but we would offer them these well-chosen words of Mr. Churchill as a warning: 'It is a Socialist idea that making profits is a vice. I consider the real vice is making losses.'

These are some of the articles which have appeared last year in

WORLD REVIEW

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Reflections on 'The Cocktail Party'

ARNOLD J. TOYNBEE
History Warns Modern Man

BERTRAND RUSSELL
1939–1949: Ten Years Later

ALBERT SCHWEITZER
Return to Colmar

HERBERT READ
Conversations in Germany

THE DEAN OF ST. PAUL'S
Freedom for Religion

G. B. SHAW
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The Art of the Short Story

JOHN ROTHENSTEIN
Contemporary Painting

KARL BARTH
The Church between East and West

ROBERT PAYNE
A Meeting with Ezra Pound

GEORGE SANTAYANA
Dominations and Powers

MARTIN HEIDEGGER

THE FIELD PATH

A MEDITATION

It runs from the garden gate right down to the reeds. The old lime trees in the castle garden gaze down at it over the wall, whether it is shining brightly amidst burgeoning seeds and waking fields at Easter, or lies buried under snowdrifts behind the nearest hill at Christmas. From the cross in the fields it turns towards the forest. As it passes the forest's edge, it is greeted by a tall oak, beneath whose boughs there stands a rough-hewn bench.

On that bench, there sometimes reposed one or other volume of the great thinkers, and a young man would make attempts to decipher its meaning. When the ravelled mysteries became a maze with no way out, the field path offered its kindly help.

Again and again, when musing over the old books or thinking my own thoughts, I have found myself on the field path as it wound its way across the meadows. The path is as closely bound up with one's thinking as it is with the cares of the peasant who goes out to mow in the early morning.

Many times in the passing years, the oak tree by the path has enticed me to remember boyhood games and the choices made in early youth. When, in the middle of the forest, an oak tree sometimes fell under the blows of the wood-cutter's axe, father would make his way straight through the copse, past sunny forest-clearings, to secure the wood allotted to him for his workshop. It was here that he worked intently in the intervals of attending to the church clock and bells, both of which maintain their own relationship to time and temporality.

But from the oak tree's bark, the boys of the village carved their boats and sailed them, complete with thwarts and rudder, in the freshly-welling brook or the school fountain. These playful 'voyages round the world' soon reached their destination and returned without delay to their home shores. The dreamlike fantasy of those boyhood voyages still lay hidden within a scarcely visible radiance, a radiance which reposed on everything. All things were embraced by mother's eyes and hands. It was as if her unspoken care had all creatures in its keeping. In those voyages of boyhood make-believe, there was still no inkling of the journeys in which all shores are left behind for ever. Meanwhile, the hardness and smell of the oak began to speak more clearly of the slowness and sturdiness with which the tree grows. The oak itself spoke of such growth as the pre-condition of all that lasts and fructifies, of growth that opens itself to the spaciousness of the sky and has its roots in the darkness of the deep earth; of purity that only thrives when man is ready to answer the call of highest heaven and still remains in the safe-keeping of the enduring earth.

The oak still speaks its message to the field path as it passes on its unerring way. It draws together all that lives around it and brings to everyone who walks thereon his due. The same fields and grassy slopes accompany the field path in every season with an ever-changing neighbourliness. Whether the Alpine ranges sink down over the forest into the dusk of evening, or the field path climbs over a rolling hill, and a lark

rises into the air of a summer morning, or the east wind rages across from the place where mother's home village lies, at all times and from all places the same message of encouragement remains in the proximity of the field path.

The simple things enshrine the mystery of the enduring and the great. They come to man with a sudden abruptness and yet need length of time in which to thrive. They hide their blessing in the homely plainness of the never-changing. The wideness of all grown things which dwell in the proximity of the field path bestows world. In the unspokenness of their language, God, as Eckhart says, is first God. But the message of the field path only speaks so long as men born in its proximity can hear it. They are bound to their origins, but are not the slaves of mechanical processes. Man seeks in vain to bring order on earth by his planning, if he is not under the order of the field path and its message. There is a danger that the men of today are becoming deaf to its message. All they hear is the noise of machines, which they consider to be almost the voice of God. Thus man is becoming distracted and in danger of losing his way. To the distracted, simplicity seems mere monotony. Men are bored by simple things. They are peevish and see only sameness instead of true simplicity. The simple things have taken flight. Their silent power has withered away. The number of those who still know simplicity as something they have made their very own is dwindling rapidly. But everywhere these few will abide. The quiet strength of the field path will give them power to survive the giant forces of atomic energy given the appearance of false reality by human calculation, to which all human activity is in danger of becoming enslaved. The quiet strength of the field path will give power to survive the effects of simulation, and stand in the light of, and be the guardian of, the truth of being.

The message of the field path awakens a sense that loves the open air and turns despair into an ultimate serenity in the propitious place. In this ultimate serenity, work for its own sake, which always leads to nihilism, is transcended.

In the ever-changing air of the field path this wise serenity thrives, melancholy though its outward face may often seem. This wisdom of the serene is inwardly conceived. It cannot be acquired by those who do not already have it within them. And those who have it, have it from the field path. The storms of winter and days of harvest, the bustling excitement of spring and the dying fall of calm autumn, the games of youth and the wisdom of old age, all meet on the field path and look into each other's eyes. All are made serene in a single harmony, and the field path bears the echo on its silent way.

The wisdom of serenity is a gateway to the eternal. The doors of the eternal turn on hinges forged in the beginning from out of the riddles of existence, by a smith who has knowledge of this wisdom.

From the reeds the path leads back to the garden gate of the manor house. Over the last hill it threads its narrow way through level lowland down to the city wall. It gleams faintly in the sunshine. The tower of St. Martin's church rises high behind the castle. Slowly, almost hesitantly, the chimes of the church clock striking eleven fade away into the night. The old bell, in ringing whose chimes many a boy's hands have been rubbed sore, trembles under the blows of the hammer as it strikes the hour, the hammer whose droll and gloomy face none will ever forget.

After the last chime, silence becomes still deeper. It reaches out to those whose lives were sacrificed before due time in two world wars. The simple things have become even more simple than before. The never-changing now seems to be an element both of surprise and release. The message of the field path is now quite clear. Is it the soul, the world of God Himself that speaks? All speech begins and ends in Renunciation. Renunciation does not take away. Renunciation gives. It gives the inexhaustible power of simple things. The message creates the reality of home from within an exalted source.

POPULATION AND HUMAN DESTINY

JULIAN HUXLEY

THE most important new fact of the last half-century is, I believe, the fact that the human species has for the first time in its history begun to take stock of its position in the world. I am sure that many people will disagree; some will plump for the emergence of Communism as a major force; others for the control of atomic energy; others again for the beginning of international organisation. But I still maintain that in the long run this world stock-taking will prove to have the greatest importance.

So far, the process of taking stock has concerned itself with the material resources of the world—in food, in raw materials, and in sources of power—in relation to the population that uses and needs those resources. Indeed, we may say that the world, or at least the Western world, has become population-conscious.

However, I personally do not think that this 'population-consciousness' has gone far enough. People have not yet fully realised the facts and their consequences—not fully enough to demand action.

What are the facts? The first and foremost is that human population has been increasing from the earliest times to the present. It has steadily increased since civilisation first began, about 7,000 years ago. It certainly increased during the previous 9,000 years since our ancestors, the most advanced among them still hunters and not agriculturists, emerged from the last Ice Age. And it must have increased during the half-a-million years of paleolithic man's earlier primitive existence. Furthermore, the increase is still continuing. There seem to have been periods of stagnation, and temporary decreases in this or that region, and perhaps occasionally in the world's population as a whole, but these can never have done more than kink the inexorable upward curve (Fig. 3).

For almost all of this long space of time, accurate figures, even for a part of the world, are not available. We have to rely on rough estimates, or, for earlier times, on intelligent guesses. But this does not impair the general picture.

The Red Indian population of eastern North America before Columbus, hunters all, has been estimated at somewhere around one million. Thus, for the time just before agriculture and the domestication of animals had been discovered, around 8000 B.C., when organised hunting was the highest form of economy known, we can put ten million as a reasonable figure for world population, with five million as a lower limit; in any case we can be certain that the figure did not reach twenty million.

For the much earlier stage of food-gathering, we can at least say that this method of subsistence could not have supported as many people. The maximum world population reached by food-gathering man was probably not more than half that reached by man as hunter—say five million, with two or three million as lower limit, and ten million as above the upper limit.

By about 5000 B.C., when civilisation

began, with the building of towns, the invention of writing and the keeping of accounts, and the discovery of metals, 3,000 years of flocks and herds, of crops and harvests, must have permitted a considerable rise in world population. Once more, all we can do is to make an intelligent guess at the total figure. Twenty million seems to be the right order of magnitude, and forty million certainly beyond the possible upper limit.

From that time, more intensive agriculture, trade, and manufacture certainly led to a progressive increase in numbers. The 100-million mark must have been passed somewhere between 1000 and 500 B.C., and the 200-million mark during the early or middle Roman Empire.

By the seventeenth century we have more to go on. World population in 1650 has been estimated at 545 millions, and we can be pretty certain that this is accurate within ten per cent either way. The 1,000-million mark was definitely passed during the first quarter of the nineteenth century, the 2,000-million mark during the first third of the twentieth. Unless some quite unforeseeable calamity befalls the world, its population will pass 3,000 millions before the first decade of the twenty-first century is out, and almost certainly before the end of this present century.[1]

THE present annual rate of increase is about one and one-sixth per cent. This does not seem very high—until you begin to calculate what it means in absolute figures of individual human beings. The total population of the world is now around 2,200 millions: and one and one-sixth per cent on 2,200 millions means an increase of over twenty-five million people in each year.

This becomes even more startling when translated into terms of days. It means that every twenty-four hours there are close on 70,000 more people in the world—the population of a good-sized town. Three hundred and sixty-five satellite towns to every year—Monday, Stevenage; Tuesday, Hemel Hempstead; Wednesday . . . , and so on throughout the 365 days! And this does not just represent the number of births, but the net increase, the difference between births and deaths. What is more, the figure of daily increase is itself increasing every day—because the total on which the percentage is taken is going up all the time. Even if the *rate* of increase were to fall from $1\frac{1}{6}$ to 1 per cent in twenty years (which would be a large drop, while a slight rise is actually more probable), the *absolute* increase every day would be greater at the end of those twenty years than it is now.

Whatever the margin of error, in numbers or in date, it is quite clear that for at least 10,000 years there has been a steady increase in world population; that the total increase has been certainly over a hundred-fold, and probably over two hundred-fold; and, what is more, that there has been an increase in the rate of increase itself, as can at once be seen from the graph in figure 1. The rate is lowest during early history; higher again during later history; to rise steeply in the modern period—the period of science. Even during the three centuries of this last brief but momentous period, which has pushed the world's population up to over two milliards (2,000 million) from around half a milliard, the rate of increase has continued to grow.

We in Britain are apt to be a little complacent about this situation, because we, like the rest of north-western Europe, have reached a late stage in our population-cycle, a stage at which the rate of net increase is slowing down, so that our population is tending towards a stationary level, and may quite possibly even begin to go down in the near future. But do not let us forget that we are at the moment still increasing, in spite of the restricted space in our little islands and the restricted amount of our food we can possibly produce there; that the whole of north-western Europe makes up only a quite small fraction of the world's population—less than a tenth; and that of the rest, some areas, like much of black Africa, are just embarking on a startlingly rapid increase.

In any case, these are the central facts about population. The immediate question they provoke is this: can the world's resources suffice for the needs of its population?

[1] See A. M. Carr-Saunders, *World Population*, Clarendon Press, 1936; J. Beloch, *Zts: f. Socialwiss:* 1899 (Roman Empire); J. C. Russell, *Speculum*, Apr. 1945 (Middle Ages).

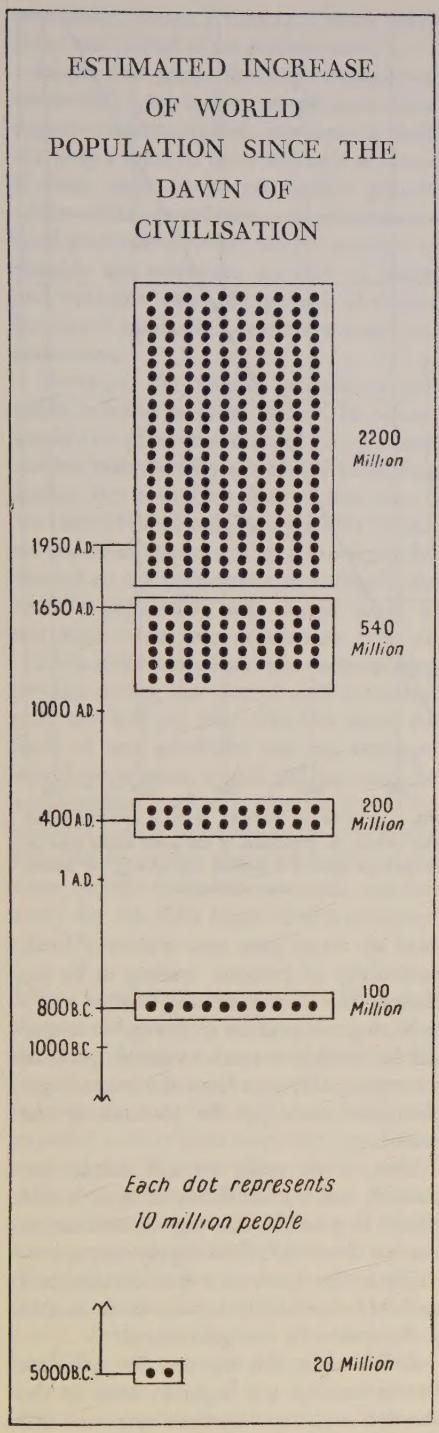


FIG. I.

The question has received very different answers. The pessimist and the scaremonger see the world facing speedy disaster. Food is the most basic need, and accordingly land for food-production is the basic resource. Yet this is being dissipated—by erosion, by exhaustion of fertility, by faulty methods of cultivation—so that while the number of mouths to be fed has been steadily going up, the yield of food has actually been going down.[1] And, say the pessimists, even if this were not so, even if soil-fertility could be restored, and new land brought under cultivation, and the yields of old land raised, we could never manage to do this quickly enough or on a sufficiently grand scale to catch up with the alarming increase of humanity which modern technical and humanitarian trends are promoting. For the complete pessimists, the only remedy is to reverse those trends, at least in some of the major regions of the globe, and once more let disease and infant mortality, premature death and famine, take their heavy toll.

That is the out-and-out pessimist thesis; there are, of course, numerous less extreme variations on the theme, but all agree in proclaiming the extreme gravity of the situation, and its essential gloominess. William Vogt's book, *The Road to Survival* (Gollancz, 1949), is perhaps the best-documented presentation of the pessimistic answer.

On the other side, we have the ostriches and the optimists, who either refuse to face the problem, or else conclude that food can readily be made to catch up with mouths, and indeed to outstrip all hungry pressure. Systems of land-tenure, they say, can be improved almost overnight; methods of agricultural production can be speedily reformed; and science can be relied upon to give a few waves of her wand which will magically improve yields, open up new areas to exploitation, and provide vast amounts of new synthetic foodstuffs.

It is true that some of the ostriches take their heads out of the sand for brief intervals, and that the optimism of most of the

[1] See the pamphlet *Food and People* (Bureau of Current Affairs, London, 1949).

optimists is a somewhat tempered one. But all hold the essentially optimistic belief that the situation can be saved by concentrating on agricultural improvement. Sir John Russell, as President of last year's British Association, gave a remarkable survey of the situation in terms of this tempered optimism.[1]

Let me recall some of the facts concerning this basic resource. First of all, soil-erosion can certainly be dealt with, as is illustrated by the fact that the famous Dust Bowl in the U.S.A. is now producing more wheat than before it received its name in a baptism of good soil converted into useless dust. Then, only about a third of the land climatically suitable for growing crops is at present cultivated, and, though there are many difficulties, certainly some, and probably a good deal, of the vast unused area could be brought under cultivation.

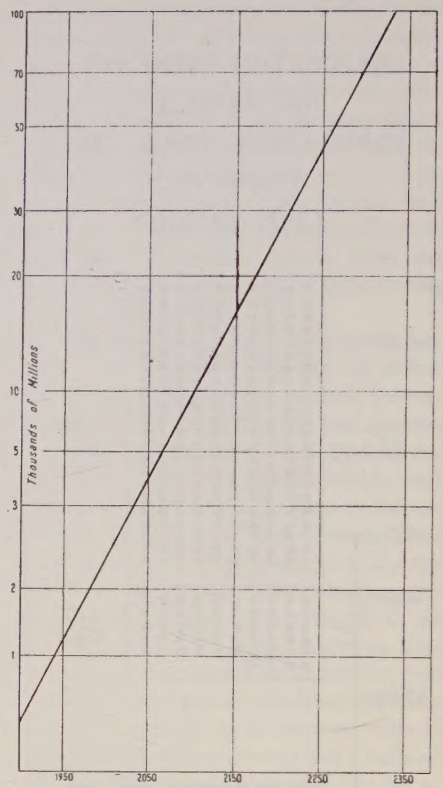


FIG. 2. TREND OF FUTURE WORLD POPULATION[2]
This is how the population of the world would grow in the next 400 years if a uniform rate of 1 % per annum were maintained

EVEN greater and more rapid increases in available food can be expected from better and more intensive methods of cultivation. World output of mineral fertilisers could easily be doubled, with immense benefit especially to backward countries. The world average of wheat-yield per acre is less than a third of that of the best countries, and less than a fifth of that of the best farms in the best countries: and most of that falling-short is remediable. Similarly, the world average for milk-yield per cow could easily be doubled, and probably more than trebled. Irrigation could transform the whole agricultural picture in semi-arid regions. The effective yield of grassland can be not only increased but multiplied by new methods of cultivation and of grass-drying. The heavy toll taken by weeds and pests and by plant and animal diseases could assuredly be halved by the use of modern methods. Genetics, aided by new techniques, such as artificial insemination and the grafting of ova, could add a big slice to the performance of all our crop-plants and domestic animals. And finally, even without drawing on the remoter possibilities of providing synthetic foodstuffs by chemical methods, there are many quite new sources of food, particularly of proteins, waiting to be exploited. The most promising method seems to be to grow yeast on molasses; but it may also be possible to extract valuable proteins from green leaves or from the microscopic plants that make up the plancton of the oceans.

Thus, if we really set our minds, our muscles, and our machines to it, it would clearly be possible, one way or another, to increase the world's food-supply very appreciably in the space of a few decades, and probably to multiply it two- or three-fold in the space of a few generations.

At first sight, this supports the optimists. But as soon as we begin to look at the question as a race between resources and

[1] See *The Advancement of Science*, 6 (23), 1949, p. 173. [2] This, and the diagram on page 13, are semi-logarithmic, which makes the slope of the curve directly proportionate to the rate of increase.

population, we are forced to a much more sober and indeed more sombre view.

In the first place, the large majority of the world's 2,200 million people are to some degree undernourished, perhaps a half, certainly a third of them seriously so. Even if there were to be no further growth of the world's population, a large increase in food-production would still be necessary to provide the minimum standard of health and existence which the growth of science has forced upon our consciousness and our conscience.

However, the world's population certainly *is* going to grow further. Its present yearly rate of increase is about 1.15 per cent, and has been showing a tendency to become higher. But even if we discount this, even if we take a rate of only one per cent (which we should all regard as a very low figure for interest on our investments or savings!), the world's population will double itself in not much over two generations (Fig. 2).

Even if the rate of increase were to drop steadily during that period until it reached only one-half per cent, which is about the limit of any possibility we can envisage, world population would still be over the 3,000-million mark soon after the end of the century. Let me again rub in the inescapable fact that every day there are nearly 70,000 more mouths to feed in the world, and that every day this daily figure itself is going up.

No, even the optimistic, once they shed all trace of ostrichism and face the facts, find that they have to be cautious. Sir John Russell, for instance, says: 'The increased food-production that may confidently be expected is more than ample for population increases at Western rates. But it could easily be outstripped locally where Eastern rates of increase prevail.' That word *locally* is a masterpiece of understatement, indeed of wrong implications, reminding one of the story of the headline in the English newspaper, 'Storm in Channel: Continent isolated'. For of course what Sir John includes under Eastern rates of population-increase prevail among the great majority of human beings now existing—in the populations of Asia as a whole, of most of the Balkans, of the U.S.S.R., of Latin America, of North Africa, and will very soon be prevailing in the rest of Africa, too. So 'locally' applies to over two-thirds of the human race! And this great block of humanity is made up of populations increasing at rates of 1¼, 2½ and up even to 3 per cent per annum. In ten recent years the *increase* of the population of the Indian sub-continent was greater than the total population of Britain: and the official Health Survey and Development Committee of India, in its Report of 1946, believes that to this existing increase of five million a year there could readily be added a further three million lives saved by health measures, which would give an increase of eighty million every decade!

The population of Formosa is doubling every thirty years. Egypt, that narrow strip enclosed between walls of complete desert, must certainly have supported less than five million people at the height of its ancient power; when I first went to school the population was almost nine million, and is now twenty million; during my lifetime it has very nearly trebled. I may add that rarely have I seen such poverty, and never such a contrast between rich and poor. Tunisia is equally overcrowded (and its people almost equally poverty-stricken), with a total of 3⅓ million. I shall never forget the impression made on me by Haiti—a population of over 3½ million crowded on to 10,000 square miles of shockingly eroded land, and what is more, a population that has doubled itself in thirty years, and is still continuing its reckless proliferation. We all vaguely know of the explosive threat contained in Japan's population-pressure—but how many people realise that it is now double what it was less than 60 years ago, or that, after adding nearly five million during the Second World War, it has put on another five million since its close? In the inter-war period, Italy was always complaining with some reason about its overpopulated condition (even though no steps were

ever taken to remedy it—indeed, quite the contrary); but with its forty-five million against Japan's eighty, and its increase of only about fifty per cent in fifty years, it is not in the same class.[1]

But let us leave such details. It is clear that, in any event, we shall have a great struggle to see that the world's people are adequately fed, and maybe a struggle to see that large sections of them are fed at all. But as soon as we really begin to think a little more deeply, we realise that a great deal more is involved than this question of whether the production of food can keep up with the production of people.

In the first place, we have also to think of the less crudely material resources, like scenery and open space, natural beauty and the wildness of nature, including wild-life. The larger wild birds and mammals have already been wholly or nearly exterminated in most parts of the world, until today the wonderful spectacle of big game in its pristine freedom is being threatened even in its last African refuge. In Britain we passed through this stage long ago—think of the vanished beaver and wolf, avocet and sea-eagle, the pitiful remnants of kites and harriers, wild-cats and pine-martens, choughs and bitterns. We are now entering on a new phase, in which human pressure threatens to spoil and destroy more and more not only the wildness, but also the beauty of our country. There just isn't enough room in these little islands for all the activities of their population—forestry and cement-working, military training and food-production, mining and industry, the eating up of the countryside by the growth of towns, and the enjoyment of nature. The result is a not very satisfactory compromise, and one which is likely to grow increasingly less so.

Then the growth in total world population has more or less automatically led to a growth in the size and number of big cities in every continent, until many of them are now demonstrably inefficient as cities, and no longer adequately perform their functions of providing convenient, efficient and pleasant living conditions for those people who must live in dense agglomerations. For cities resemble animals in having a limit to their possible size: a land animal only twice the size of an elephant could not carry on, at least in a wild state where it had to compete with other creatures.

A survey made a few years ago, in, I think, Australia, showed that, under present conditions, cities begin to grow less efficient after passing the half-million mark. The time and energy spent in getting to and from work, the traffic congestion in the centre and along the main arteries, the overheads involved in the general system of transport and communications, the degree to which the city-dweller is cut off from nature and the country—these and much else increase disproportionately with any further increase in the city's population. And yet in spite of this, and of attempts at regulation, monstrosities like London and New York are still continuing their self-defeating growth.

There is also the hard fact that unless something is done to check the existing tendencies in Asia and the incipient tendencies in Africa towards rapid population increase, any effort that is made to raise their standard of nutrition will largely spill over and become transformed into yet further increase in numbers—with the inevitable effect (among others) of prolonging shortages and rationing and queues in Western Europe.

However, these points are all merely single items. It is the situation as a whole that is so portentous—the realisation that the increase of world population has been going on inexorably for thousands of years, that it shows no signs of slackening, still less of coming to a stop, and that the mere increase in quantity of human beings is raising quite new and often serious problems. It is a good example of the Marxist principle of quantity becoming transposed into quality—after a certain point the quantity of people per square mile totally alters the quality of living possible to them.

Malthus was wrong in many details; but

[1]See *Demographic Year Book, 1948*, U.N., Lake Success, New York, 1949.

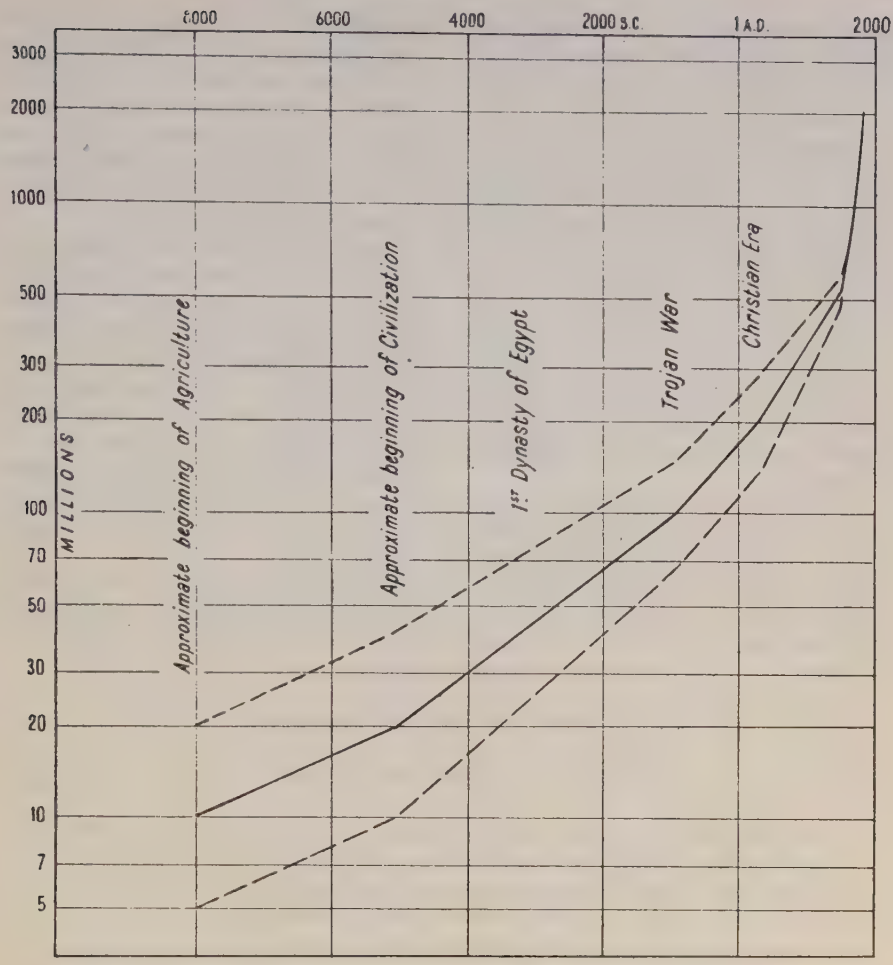


FIG. 3. THE GROWTH OF WORLD POPULATION

The continuous line indicates the estimated trend of world population for the last 10,000 years; dotted lines represent upper and lower possible limits. Estimates before A.D. *1650 are very rough. No account is taken of possible periods of stagnation or repression in total numbers, which in any case could not alter the general character of the curve*

he was right in his fundamental idea. He was the first to realise clearly the essential character of population-increase, which it shares with all other biological processes involving reproduction—its multiplicative nature. It works by compound interest, not simple interest: a rate of increase of 1 per cent. Even if it multiplies itself by such a small factor as $\frac{101}{100}$ each year (which of course corresponds to a one per cent annual rate of increase), the process is cumulative, and in the course of time inevitably produces the most serious and alarming results unless checked or controlled. If it were to go on for only 400 years, the population of the world would have increased from just over 2,000 million to nearly 100,000 million! Actually, of course, something must and will happen before then, but the figures bring home what population-trends imply (Fig. 1).

Once we begin thinking in terms of tendencies or trends, we realise with a shock that world population is already tending to press on world resources, and that this

pressure is tending to grow stronger, with all kinds of disagreeable and indeed disastrous consequences, if present trends are allowed to continue for any length of time.

At the risk of repetition, I would like to stress the fact that most people, once they have realised this, have a vision of our human future as a race between resources and population. Most of them still, consciously or unconsciously, accept the idea that an increase in the number of human beings in the world is not merely inevitable but somehow a good thing. The result is that they are forced to envisage the future of our species as a constant effort to satisfy the material needs of this ever-increasing swarm of people.

I maintain, on the contrary, that we need a new view of human destiny. The realisation of this pressure of blind reproduction on resources demands nothing less than a reconsideration of man's whole attitude towards the world in which he finds himself and the life he is called upon to live in it, the aims of his existence and the methods to be used in pursuing them.

Why, in heaven's name, should anyone suppose that mere quantity of human organisms is a good thing, irrespective either of their own inherent quality or the quality of their life and their experiences?

This preoccupation with quantity as against quality is partly mere mental laziness; partly due to our competitive profit-making economic system, which tends to measure everything by the quantitative yardstick of its value in £ s. d.; and partly the result of our preoccupation, in the last couple of centuries, with the discoveries and applications of the sciences, whose results all depend on accurate quantitative measurement, and are all expressible in metrical terms.

Whatever the cause, the result has been unfortunate in many ways, and it is high time we took stock of our position.

[*To be concluded*]

From an Autobiography

Through the reading of popular scientific books I soon reached the conviction that much in the stories of the Bible could not be true. The consequence was a positively fanatic orgy of free-thinking coupled with the impression that youth is intentionally being deceived by the State through lies; it was a crushing impression.

It is quite clear to me that the religious paradise of youth, which was thus lost, was a first attempt to free myself from the chains of the 'merely-personal', from an existence which is dominated by wishes, hopes, and primitive feelings. Out yonder there was this huge world, which exists independently of us human beings, and which stands before us like a great, eternal riddle, at least partially accessible to our inspection and thinking. The contemplation of this world beckoned like a liberation, and I soon noticed that many a man whom I had learned to esteem and to admire had found inner freedom and security in devoted occupation with it. The mental grasp of this extra-personal world within the frame of the given possibilities swam as the highest aim half consciously and half unconsciously before my mind's eye. Similarly motivated men of the present and of the past, as well as the insights which they had achieved, were the friends which could not be lost. The road to this paradise was not as comfortable and alluring as the road to the religious paradise: but it has proved itself as trustworthy, and I have never regretted having chosen it.

From Albert Einstein's *Autobiography*, to be published by the Library of Living Philosophers, in America.

MAY SARTON

NEW YEAR POEM

Now the one certainty is suffering
And the one absolute is doubt,
From these our belief must be wrung
Or all the bitter poverty found out:
Take anguish for companion and set out.

It leads us back to man himself to sit
By his side whom we have killed and starved,
Brother and sister, criminal and half-wit,
For each of us there is a place reserved
To sit beside the one we have not served.

Wake as he dreams, dream as he wakes to see
Man always at our side, starving and weeping,
Man curved like a mother over his misery,
Man huge and abandoned like a giant sleeping
And we ourselves this creature we are keeping.

Strange how with anguish as companion
We feel spring in our throats a living song,
See man leap from the rocks toward the sun,
Refuse to be imprisoned in his sleep for long,
His anger always beating at the walls of wrong.

He is suddenly willing joy instead of power,
Shaken to the marrow by joy as by a flame,
Bending with mad delight toward a flower.
Secret and tender, violent and sad, he came
Up from the darkness toward his haunting name.

He is the one who always sings and cries,
Believes in spite of every proof he will
Out of the darkness see with clearer eyes,
Conquer himself and learn to be an angel,
Who finds his only peace inside the struggle.

For to be desperate is to discover strength;
We die of comfort and by conflict live.
Can we grow in this knowledge till at length
We find it good, find it belief enough
To be anguish alive, slowly creating love?

The Earl of Harewood discusses

LET'S MAKE AN OPERA

by BENJAMIN BRITTEN and ERIC CROZIER

currently in production at the

LYRIC THEATRE, HAMMERSMITH

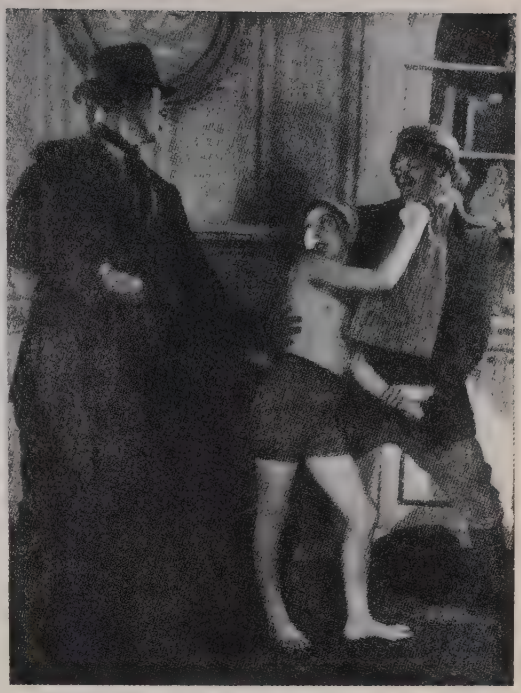
In a world where concerts designed for children are a feature of everyday life, the infant musical digestion has become a factor in programme building. Special music for children has been composed, notably by Prokoviev ('Peter and the Wolf') and by Benjamin Britten ('The Child's Guide to the Orchestra'), and the problem is to apply the principles of each of these successful works to opera. Apart from anything else, opera has a past. It began as an attempt by a group of Florentine intellectuals to revive the art of Greek tragedy, using music to reinforce words. It later became for a time notable as a vehicle for singers, as a 'concert in costume', and as an occasion in social life; passed through stages of revival by Gluck in the eighteenth and by Wagner in the nineteenth centuries; and was still sufficiently alive to be used in the twentieth (for instance, by Berg and Strauss) to express the limits of pathological abnormality. Opera has been the vehicle of patriotism and political propaganda; it has been associated with Shakespearean plays and fairy-tales; it has been written to fit the splendours of Second Empire Paris and the exigencies of the American village school; and it is now played nearly as often by an hotel lounge trio as by the full orchestra for which it was designed. How, then, is the idea of an opera to be put across to children, many of whom will not have seen or heard one before? What is to be stressed—that it is close to real life, or that in opera one is in a world with a different set of conventions, that it is a natural form of expression, or that it concentrates an un-lifelike spotlight on situation, emotion and character? Is the important person the child who for years to come will not see anything but 'Bohemes', 'Rigolettos', and the occasional 'Hansel and Gretel'; or is one to hope that his diet will be a little more adventurous? What, in fact, is to be chosen as the 'mean' which shall represent opera to a child? Does one cater for an audience which is already familiar with one or two operas and so will want rather more than first principles; or does one concentrate on the children who have never heard an opera and to whom the idea of music, words, and drama in co-operation is as strange as the talkies would have been to Mr. Gladstone? Benjamin Britten and Eric Crozier must have had a thousand doubts when they first tackled this problem; what we are concerned with is their solution.

Three different techniques are used: first of all, an attempt is made to show some of the problems and technical processes involved in opera; secondly, the audience is asked to sing some of the music and find out for itself what operatic music sounds and feels like; thirdly, the principles are demonstrated on the stage by the actual performance of an opera. There are two parts, the first devoted to explanation ('Let's Make an

Opera'), the second to demonstration ('The Little Sweep').

Since the work was first given at Aldeburgh last June, the first part—the play—has been entirely rewritten. Unfortunately it has not been shortened and, as given at Hammersmith, is still perhaps twenty minutes too long. Its aim is to be an introduction and an explanation of the second half. A certain amount of music which will be heard later on is introduced, and the audience is required to rehearse the four songs which are afterwards sung as interludes in the second half. The idea is excellent, but there seems still to be room for improvement in these two introductory acts. The play begins well by having the plot of the opera told as a bed-time story, and then suggested as a likely basis for an opera—an ingenious attempt to dispose of the prejudice against the dramatic content of opera—but too little is said on the subject of opera itself. There is still not much more than a passing reference to such important operatic elements as *recitative* and *ensemble*, whose very meaning is usually quite unknown to an audience. One feels it might have been better if the librettist had decided to carry to its logical extreme the device of having the conductor perform as a character in the play and make him the composer as well. This would allow rather more piano illustrations than there are at present, and would give an opportunity not only to touch on some of the problems that are always coming up when opera is discussed, but also enable them to be related to the music of 'The Little Sweep' (the opera which makes up the second half of Britten's and Crozier's play-opera).

POINTS such as that an *ensemble* will be ragged to begin with and better after some rehearsal are hardly worth making, and what is done at present on these lines is inclined to be superficial and to leave no one, child or adult, much the wiser. There is nothing to quarrel with over the manner of presentation; it is the matter which could be improved.



Sammy the sweep boy struggles to avoid being put up a chimney

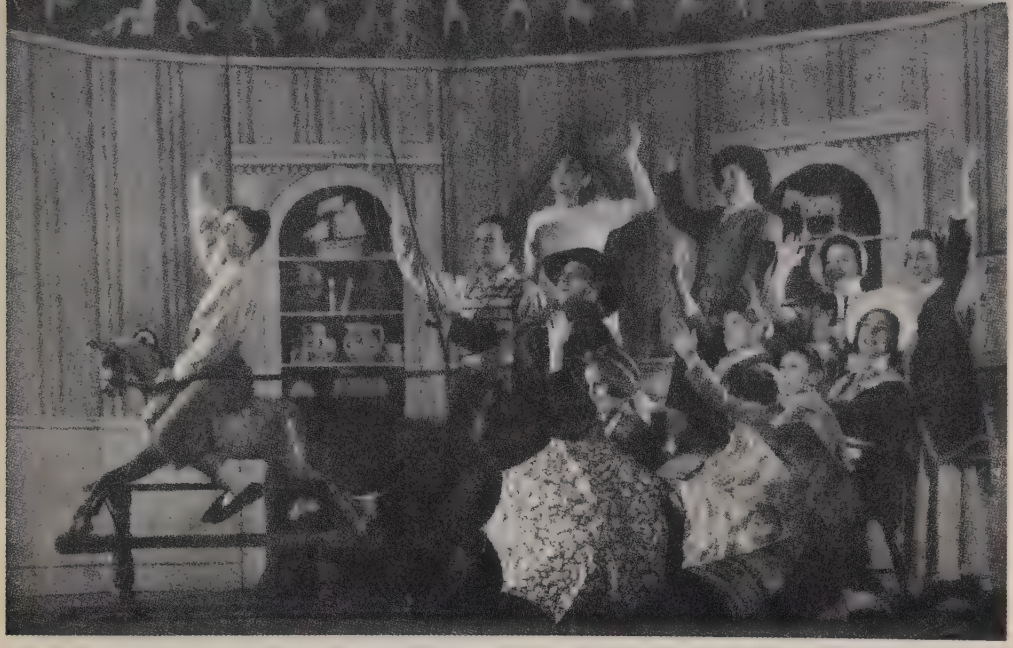
The opera itself is an enchanting affair. It is absolutely uncomplicated dramatically, and its appeal seems to be direct and immediate; judging by the gasp of delight with which an audience of children greets Sammy when he is hauled down the chimney, and by the vivid and natural performances given by the children who take part in the opera itself, this is the perfect opera for children. Hardly a musical combination goes unrepresented in the three-quarters of an hour of the opera's duration, from *recitative* and solo aria to *ensemble* and even *ensemble* with chorus (in the 'Coaching Song'). There can be no question of false emotion here, and still less that the action is slow compared with a play—two frequent reproaches against opera. As is fitting, every number is short, and care has been taken that the dramatic situation should be constantly changing to such an extent that the anyhow rapid action is even accelerated by the interlude songs performed by the audience. In fact, the spontaneous and unforced nature of the drama is only equalled by the fresh quality of the music, which is singable (and even whistle-able) without being trite, full

Sammy is hidden in a cupboard but a diversion is needed to keep him safe

Next morning, Sammy is smuggled out in a trunk

of feeling without degenerating to the sentimental, and equally free from emptiness or over-complexity of texture. It is not easy to tell the exact reaction of a child to this piece, but the composer's timing is on a level of perfection throughout, and partly for this reason, partly because of its sustained musical appeal, it is hard to believe that it will not prove equally attractive to adult and child. The 'Coaching Song' at the end, in its inspired simplicity, goes back to the operatic finales of Mozart, and has, at any rate on adult members of the audience, a curiously moving effect.

Whether the first part fulfils its object, or whether it falls short of an adequate explanation of the complications of opera, the important thing is to have an opera that is understandable by children, not an explanation of the idea behind opera. Some of the lecture may possibly stick (that is why one wishes it had more content); the enjoyability of the music unquestionably will. One is left



To the 'Coaching Song', sung by the audience, the characters in 'Let's make an Opera' wave good-bye

with a feeling that is close to envy; how lucky are present-day children to be able to make the acquaintance of opera with 'Let's Make an Opera' rather than in company with a bored parent at a matinée run-through of 'Butterfly' with singers who have too much experience and an orchestra that has too little.

A Sketch of Benjamin Britten

by RONALD DUNCAN

I RATHER wish that I had not promised to write this note. For I find that there is something distasteful in writing about a friend—it is like talking behind his back—with the added embarrassment of knowing he might possibly overhear. . . . However, Britten and I have known each other for about seventeen years—which is, I suppose, proof that he is quick to forgive. This knowledge somewhat reassures me. It is strange how we treat our friends as a bank—the more heavily we are overdrawn, the more recklessly we seem to spend.

I agreed to say what it is like to work with Britten, and something about his personality.

To deal with the more difficult item first. Most successful artists find to their embarrassment that they have acquired a whole list of legendary eccentricities—titbits which editors call 'good copy', and biographers seize upon. I have no intention of inventing any of these attributes or of indulging in gossip. Such matters can be left safely to the musical critics who delight in these irrelevances. But they will find Britten a difficult subject, for he has no obvious characteristics: he is neither absent-minded nor afflicted with strange moods, tempers or exotic tastes. He does not need the superficial colouring which lesser talents inevitably cultivate.

He has no hobbies; he keeps no pets. He does not smoke; he drinks only in moderation. Britten is only distinguished in this: genius.

Music is his language: he reads and writes music more easily than he can deal with words. He thinks in music; and, I suspect, his feelings are almost in terms of sounds. It is not a question of Britten having devoted his life wholly to music—there never was an alternative; there is no sacrifice. Music is his life: in it he is wholly and completely absorbed. Perhaps that is why he is so child-like: for only in children have I seen a similar kind of concentration and identification with the thing they are doing.

I, MYSELF, am completely illiterate as far as music is concerned. I cannot tell one note from another by sight. Consequently, nothing fascinates me more than watching Britten scoring a piece—usually chattering away at the same time. To me, it is all mystery when he writes it: magic when he plays it. I remember when he was scoring 'Peter Grimes' down with me in Devonshire. At the same time as he was covering pages and pages with notes, he was also discussing the plans of another opera—it was, I recall, one based on Chaucer—and amusing my children with his imitation of a cash register (this consists of winding an imaginary handle in the vicinity of his ears, blinking and popping his tongue in and out at them). Britten never hesitates when he is orchestrating—for when he first conceives the music, he hears it already in those terms. Like Mozart, he could write down the separate parts for a piece without any preliminary sketch. There are several reasons why I enjoy working with Britten. The one that comes first to my mind may seem rather strange—it is: that it is all such *fun*. I mean just that—for, somehow or other, we seem to spend a great deal of our time in fits of uncontrollable hilarity. Generally speaking, I believe that I am supposed to be fairly morose; but invariably, when working with Britten, I find we are both aching with giggles.

I suppose the reason for this gaiety is that, when working with him, I am not depressed by all the clutter and compromise which surrounds the legitimate theatre (for if ever there was a bastard, it is here). And we have an identical aim—which is ruthless disregard for anything but the work in hand. Let agents worry about the rights, and managers fret over the box-office—it is not our concern then, though we sometimes wake up with a bump. . . .

Another reason why I enjoy working with Britten is because he knows so clearly what he wants to do, which means that no time is wasted in argument or in those tedious triangular discussions which exhaust most artistic endeavours at their very conception.

We decide on the shape of the work—choose a subject (the difficulty is in choice *not* invention) and then we break this up into dramatic shape and musical numbers—recitative, accompanied recitative, arias and ensembles. Then I go off and write the words. Britten will then ask me to add a few lines here or delete one there—he has a poet's respect for words, and he is one of the few people I know who genuinely prefer reading poetry to prose.

ALMOST as he reads the words, the music seems to be conceived. The shape of these musical ideas may demand further revision on the libretto. This done, Britten starts to compose.

He does not work at a piano. I have always noticed that as soon as he picks up his pencil to compose (as opposed to orchestrating), his face immediately changes, not merely in its expression but almost in its structure. A sculptor would find this change interesting. His expression becomes deadly serious; his face becomes more muscular, and a nerve above his right eye twitches incessantly. He works methodically and regularly—not when the inspiration seizes him—that method never got anyone through a 400-page score. I have known him work for sixteen hours a day.

When these first sketches are complete, he will play them over to me on the piano. It is at this moment that the metamorphosis occurs and the dull caterpillars that were one's lines now fly with pretty wings.

The scientist struggles with nature. But the chief obstacle to technical progress is no longer, as our author points out, in matter but in man

A LOOK INTO THE FUTURE

DENIS DE ROUGEMONT

1. A PARABLE OF FAIRIES

'THAT is all very fine and large,' said the Professor, 'but Science is still Science, that is, the only honest, rigorous and proved method of analysis or construction. The only method that is useful, successful and capable of progress. You seem to be under the impression that, after Heisenberg and the atomic bomb, one can believe anything, and that that will change everything. Allow me to say that science produces proofs which can hardly be equalled or refuted by your superstitions. Science cures! Invents machines which can already do over 600 m.p.h.! Verifies its most "foolish" speculations by startling facts, such as the atomic bomb. By all means endeavour to recall the fairies of the Middle Ages. No fairy has ever been known to start even the smallest engine. We leave you to your playthings.'

'Very good,' I say. 'The proof that Science is not foolish is that today we can travel much faster than we could a hundred years ago. Now this is serious, you say. And also useful. Since no one here presumes to dispute it, I should be wise to accept it. I will also admit that to recall the fairies is not useful and leads nowhere... for the moment.

'But now, just suppose that in some decades men stopped being amused by travelling faster, and therefore started asking what use it was. Suppose their new and chief satisfaction lay in recalling something like the fairies, and that after two or three centuries of hard work by gifted people, they were successful. This is now what is serious; this is the usefulness so urgently required. These fairies bring peace of heart in suffering, invent a thousand tricks of sentiment undreamt of in our barbarity, create immobility, with its bye-product, called slowness, worshipped by certain popular sects. They make death a shaft of wit which loses its piquancy by being repeated; they smother atomic explosions in a single thought. By all means endeavour to construct an atomic motor: no atomic motor has ever been known to evoke the smallest fairy. We leave you to your playthings.'[1]

2. UTOPIAS AND FORECASTING

THE general weakness of Utopias is that they appear to have a less rich future than the present. One might even say that *Utopia can be defined as a system without future*. As a matter of fact, the majority of Utopians show less freedom in their imagination of the future than the majority of historians show in their description of the past. As

[1] This page is borrowed from my *Lettres sur la Bombe Atomique*, 1946, published in America under the title *The Last Trump*.

Toynbee remarked, Utopias are really 'programmes of action disguised as imaginary sociological descriptions',[1] and the proposed action is nothing but the artificial halting, at a given level, of a society in decadence. The elements of this society, which are considered good, are isolated to compose a system in permanent equilibrium, sheltered from such vulgar menaces as the creative spirit, insensible to the ever-repeated challenge of an ever-mobile reality, in short, outside the stream of history.

Is it possible to frame a hypothesis for a less static future? What would be its necessary conditions?

First, one should beware of composing a coherent *picture*. Provide at each step for a freedom of choice—that is to say, foresee at each step the possibility of at least two solutions. Constantly divert the imagination from the line of least resistance towards the obstacles which one foresees on either hand (this is the real way of exciting it). Assume the results of one's present efforts, and work out what could be the result of the *success* of these efforts. (Many of our political directors forget or refuse to contemplate this: they see the conditions of victory, but not its consequences.)[2]

So far the most sustained, the best organised and most nearly successful, effort of the western world has been the attempt to dominate nature by science, in the hope of increasing material comfort, the speed of travel and the average span of life.

Our religious and metaphysical drive has relaxed since the eighteenth century—the drive to establish a wider and more fruitful equilibrium than that of comfort has suffered as a result. The attempt to establish an acceptable social order is either crystallised into tyrannies or dispersed amongst twenty contradictory political sects. The scientific effort (with its bye-product, industry) is alone in registering a constant, measurable progress, and appears to continue with ever-increasing chances of success.

As a result, certain rather fantastic, but quite natural, beliefs are widely held. I give only three examples:,

1. Science is always right.
2. Happiness depends on the possession of certain new articles.
3. Increased speed is good in itself.

Increased speed is taken to be proof that science 'works' and is therefore 'true'. In return, we refuse to believe anything we think is denied or condemned in the present state of science, and we invest this science with the authority we have withdrawn from religion and from the morality which is derived from it.

The most prevalent concept of the world today is that described by Westerners as 'scientific'. But this concept is still mechanistic and materialist, whereas science, for the last thirty years, has been stated in terms of energy and statistics.

It is, however, possible that a considerable élite will gradually catch up with the science it venerates, or will at least become informed of its most recent conclusions, since the vanguard of mathematical physics seems to be temporarily halted. It has reached, perhaps only provisionally, a certain limit. One might say that it touched, even pierced, bottom, when the atom was reduced to energy, when matter was reduced to something immaterial (to use that over-simplified form of speech, which is, in fact, used by the majority of our contemporaries in dealing with the results of yesterday's science, which they accept as the supreme authority). The concepts of arbitrary choice, subjectivity, transcendence, are once more accepted by mathematicians and biologists. On the other hand, speed forced to its extreme must bring us to the question: 'To what end?', and to those metaphysical problems which, through our very haste, we hoped and believed we were escaping. We are still entirely preoccupied with saving time. And when we have *all time*, what shall we do with it?

Thus science and speed, by the very nature of their success, tend to outdistance and transform the objectives assigned to them by materialist common sense.

[1] cf. Arnold Toynbee: *A Study of History*. [2] This is also true of theoretical revolutionaries like St. Simon and Marx. Both had a decisive influence in shaping a future quite different from their own forecasts. St. Simon laid down the framework of industrial capitalism. Marx is the father of the most powerful totalitarian state. Neither foresaw movements such as Nazism or Fascism, whereas solitary, apolitical thinkers like Kierkegaard and Jacob Burckhard, writing at the same period, described them with precision.

We can already do more than imagine the complete domination of our natural environment by our techniques. The matter of its practical, generalised realisation for all classes and all peoples is, however, impeded by diverse passions whose development has been permitted, even provoked by our technical effort. For instance, the passion of nationalism, which is indefensible in the light of science and reason, can in practice neutralise the speed of transportation. (In 1946 it took as long to reach America from Europe as in the age of Christopher Columbus; one day in flight, and three months in negotiating visas, currency, affidavits, etc.) Political passions draw out and inflame our irrational faculties, our superstitions, our local prejudices. These two passions produce wars, which lead to the destructive possibilities of technology being put at the disposal of every pocket, much more generously than is the case with its constructive possibilities in times of peace. One might say tha the unilateralism, the specialisation of our scientific effort, provokes the best possible means of defeating its Promethean ambition. Another indirect consequence of the scientific drive should be mentioned here. The vulgarisation of the concept of law (in the determinist and mechanistic sense imposed on it by the science of the past century) facilitates the abdication from personal responsibility. The 'laws' which we multiply with suspicious haste in fields still inadequately studied, such as economics, psychology, sociology, are, in fact, useful as so many alibis. In their name we are tempted to justify attitudes which in other times we should have described as weakness of character, defeatism or cowardice. Thus we accept to lose in liberty what we gain in comfort (which has the character of necessity). We forget that liberty is realised in the act of choice; we even go so far as to assume that it consists in 'having' at our disposal an ever-increasing choice of objects.

3. OVERCOMING WAR

If it is true that civilisations develop in response to various challenges, and that each victorious response gives rise to a fresh challenge, what developments should we foresee as deriving from the complex of tensions just described?

We have not yet replied with total victory to the challenge of nature; far from it, but the means to this victory are henceforward in our hands. The chief obstacle to technical progress is no longer in matter but in man. Our existence on this planet is no longer menaced by the elements, but by our machines, that is, by our passions.

Two consequences appear therefore to be conceivable:

1. We may pursue our technical drive (the mastery of atomic energy) and let the field of our passions (nationalism, partisan politics) lie fallow. Passion will lay hold on our techniques and provoke atomic warfare. The destruction and the psychological shock will be so great that Western civilisation will be dislocated into little islands, more or less intact in a sea of ruins, overcast by the spirit of nihilism. The last commonplaces of morality will disintegrate. There will be enough men alive, enough books, machine tools and technical information to maintain an appearance of 'normal life' here and there, but the basic connections will be broken. Nothing can be taken for granted. Suspicion reigns. Those who still travel are either secret agents, policemen or fugitives. Gangster groups increase. Illuminist communities of every kind experiment with new moralities or with new forms of resistance against the victorious State and its empire, now theoretically universal. From such persecuted communities may emerge a new spirituality, mother of an unpredictable civilisation.

2. We may respond to the challenge of nationalist and political passions by a world organisation with effective control over atomic weapons. War will then be impossible, and frontiers un-noticeable. The technical drive will then extend its triumphs: neutralisation of the environment, increased health and longevity, free and almost instantaneous circulation over the whole

surface of the globe. For the first time in the history of the world there will be one single civilisation (occidental, enriched by certain later oriental contributions), one single sovereign state of federalist type and a social problem which, instead of being exacerbated, will tend to be resolved in organised prosperity.

At present one can envisage an equal chance for war or peace: either that the challenge of our passions proves too powerful and that our civilisation will succumb to it, or that we shall respond victoriously by the establishment of world government, thus liberating our scientific effort. (I record this point of view, incapable of proof, as a curiosity for the benefit of some future historian.)

4. OVERCOMING BOREDOM

Assuming a last-minute, victorious response, what would be the fresh challenge which would inevitably confront humanity as the result of the very success of our most constant effort? It would surely be Boredom.

This specifically modern feeling appeared in literature with the industrial epoch and its great cities. It is the contemporary of time-tables, which were probably the most typical creation of the nineteenth century. (It is impossible to imagine how large factories, food supplies, transport and entertainment could function in any vast and dense agglomeration without time-tables of all kinds.)

'Boredom was born one day of uniformity,' it is said. But it is the excess of variety that nourishes it. In fact it is very difficult to decide whether monotony creates more boredom than a multiplicity of impressions.

I am not bored by the Ocean or by Niagara Falls, but I am if I have to walk through a large unknown city. What causes boredom in either case is the absence of living rhythms or by their arbitrary and frequent interruptions. In other words, it is the mechanisation of existence, or again the undifferentiated dispersal of efforts and demands which prevents all concentration on a point selected by some inner necessity to the end of creativity, participation, comprehension in depth. It is thus an increase in entropy.

Now boredom is different from any other imaginable challenge in that it is born of the very absence of definite menace. (One can't get bored in a tempest, but one can in an air-conditioned flat.) This challenge is in a sense negative, and therefore the most formidable of all that can be offered either by nature or our passions. Humanity will have to deal with it by a metaphysical response. We shall have to choose between spiritual anaesthesia or spiritual adventure.

1. Mass anaesthesia or immunisation against boredom would be obtained by methods of social and physiological conditioning, in which the main principle would be the emasculation and repression, with the utmost vigilance, of any metaphysical problem which might perchance be revealed by boredom. In this case, the obstinately spiritual will be persecuted and hunted down with unparalleled severity: they will be social criminals *par excellence*. They will form a secret, underground proletariat, probably nomadic, which might form the matrix of a spiritual, universal civilisation.

2. If humanity, on the contrary, chooses *spiritual adventure*, this will, no doubt, be initiated by an élite similar at every point to that of our present experts, endowed with similar popular prestige, exercising a similar authority over the direction of organised research, and defining, *de facto*, fresh standards of utility and value. But the efforts of this élite, instead of being directed towards matter—now 'outdistanced'—will be diverted to the discovery and mastery of realities of another order, nowadays completely ignored or neglected, which we find as difficult to imagine as it would have been for the experts of the eighteenth century to imagine the instantaneous destruction of a city as the consequence of the dissociation of an invisible point of matter. These realities, indescribable and unnamed in our article, I described at the beginning by the symbolic term of Fairies.

A clear statement of economic strategy on how to establish solvency within two years is our first and foremost requirement

BRITAIN'S ECONOMIC PROSPECTS

ROY HARROD

THE present position is profoundly unsatisfactory. Four and a half years have passed since the end of the war, and British citizens are still being asked to make special efforts and sacrifices on patriotic grounds. This is surely unhealthy. In the normal course, the individual should have sufficient incentive to put forward his best efforts, knowing that, if he is slack or careless, he will fall by the wayside and his private affairs will go amiss. Patriotic appeal should in general be reserved for a special crisis, like the war itself. The grounds of the appeal are then well understood, and a reserve of effort is called forth and gladly given, over and above any efforts that individuals might normally be disposed to make for the furtherance of their own affairs and those of their families. If an attempt is made to draw on that reserve of patriotic feeling in what should be normal times, the feeling itself will grow stale and lose its actuating power. There is danger that the fund of patriotism may be unduly drawn down at a time when it should, in fact, be being built up against future dangers.

It is recognised that a great advance has been planned, quite in accordance with the national sentiment, in the provision of social services and education. For this purpose a heavy load of taxation is being carried, and unfortunately defence expenditure also has to be heavy. But the citizen is asked not only to pay these taxes cheerfully and without evasion, but, on top of this, to make special efforts and forego wonted expenditure because of the critical state of the nation's affairs. When will the crisis be over? What is its intrinsic nature? Cynicism is growing.

He is strongly disposed to dismiss the whole crisis as a piece of effrontery on the part of the politicians. But there is one clear fact, of which he is aware, that gives him pause. We are, in fact, living upon American charity. That at least is something definite. So long as that continues, he cannot be easy in his mind, and tell the authorities to mind their own business. He deems it essential that this state of affairs should be brought to an end. But how? Again he asks: what are the milestones, and what the tasks, whereby the objective may be won?

The first and foremost requirement now is a plain statement of strategy. It is an extreme paradox, yet none the less a fact, that it was easier for the ordinary man to see how things were going during the war than it is for him to see how they are going now. In the war, the utmost secrecy was needed, since plans could not be revealed to the enemy. Yet the ordinary citizen, although he had to do much patient waiting and wondering, was able to form some rough notion. Now there is no excuse whatever for secrecy. If the people could be clearly told the plan of campaign, they would respond better. We are told that we must capture larger dollar markets, and that is certainly highly desirable. There appears to be the implication in the official mind that, if this drive to capture markets is not successful, the position will be hopeless. They will have shot their bolt. Goodness knows what will follow. This is a disgraceful attitude. It is ludicrous that a nation with all Britain's resources, which made such a mighty effort in the recent war, should contemplate that

all will go to ruin for failure to sell additional goods, amounting in value only to three or four per cent of her national income, in a particular area. It is disgraceful that a country which has been on the whole working hard should be threatened year after year with being on the brink of ruin.

It is, therefore, necessary to take stock of the situation, which has changed a great deal during the last two years. In 1947 it was plain what was wrong. The nation had embarked upon vast schemes of internal expenditure which left insufficient resources available to develop her export trade. It was an elementary mistake, demanding severe censure. Sir Stafford Cripps went some way towards putting the matter right. He insisted on some cuts in our domestic capital programme; and at the same time, as our immediate post-war government expenditure fell away, he insisted on maintaining taxation, thereby building up a large budget surplus. The citizens of Britain were not allowed to have the reliefs for which they might have hoped, but which would have been inconsistent with our internal programmes. Thus, as the ex-war expenditure fell off, resources were released whereby our exports could be built up without too much curtailment of the programmes. The consumer bore the brunt. On the whole, it was a well-conceived policy, although a little austere. Our external trade figures responded very favourably.

UNFORTUNATELY, this led to a premature easing-off in 1948 on the side of our capital programmes, and, although what was spent in this way in 1948 was much less than would have been spent, but for Sir Stafford's retrenchment, too much was spent and the figures began to rise again. Since devaluation we have had a further round of cuts. This vacillation indicates a lack of adequate strategy. It may be doubted whether even the latest cuts are sufficient.

Nevertheless, it must be confessed that the main problem now centres upon our external policy. In 1947 we were too lavish both at home and abroad, not in the expenditure of our own citizens, but in that of the authorities. The external trouble had already begun in 1947, but has now assumed a definite pattern, which seems to have become fixed. We have decided to make remittances to foreigners on a scale unprecedented in British history. A curious thing! It may be regarded as a very noble thing, but he who would be noble in altruism should be sure in advance that he can carry through his schemes to their final conclusion. The beneficiaries will not gain in the long run, if the benefactor crumples up before half the course is run, and is declared bankrupt. We have been paying interest on our foreign debts incurred during the war, and we have been redeeming those debts, and, on top of that, we have been sending capital out of the country on a large scale. In respect of all these payments, the justification for which I will consider, we have been giving away stuff without getting any immediate return for it. If we add these sums together, we find that we have paid out in the last two and a half years no less an amount than the gigantic total of £1,130 million. Never in our history have we disbursed so much in so short a period. In the first six months of 1949, these disbursements were running at the annual rate of £538 million.

It must not be supposed that this is a mere paper figure, a juggling with accounts, a book-keeping transaction. The whole of these disbursements is covered by goods, commonly known as 'unrequired exports', and drafts upon our gold and dollar reserves. They were payments in hard goods and cash, for which, for the moment, we have had nothing in return. This is a little item in our strategy upon which British citizens have been insufficiently informed. It is something that has happened in consequence of administrative decisions or lack of decisions. Parliament has exerted no control in the matter. It is a fine thing to be generous. The administrative authorities have been able to tread a pleasant path. Yet it may be held that it would have benefited the outer world to have been somewhat stinted, if they could have had, by recompense, the hopeful prospect of Britain rising to financial

strength and the ability to exert greater generosity in the future.

There is probably a good deal of obscurity in the mind of the ordinary citizen as to how far these outward payments have been necessary in the honourable discharge of obligations. At the end of 1946 Britain owed, in the form of the so-called 'sterling balances', the sum of £3,700 million. At least £700 million of this should be set aside as normal working balances. Had she paid four per cent on the remainder for interest and redemption, that would have cost £120 million a year. This would have been universally regarded as a very generous settlement, since, in the minds of many, these balances could have been equitably scaled down. In fact, she has paid out as interest and redemption £662 million in two and a half years. The authorities may claim that, as our obligations were theoretically sight liabilities, it would have been impossible, had the attempt been made, to fund them on any terms, however generous, without the consent of the creditors. I believe this to be fallacious. Since it can easily be proved to be physically impossible in any way whatever to redeem the liabilities at sight, the obligation to pay at sight was purely theoretical. Britain should have suspended all payments unless, or until, a reasonable funding had been agreed upon. Indeed, it may be said that she was under an obligation to do this by the terms of the Financial Agreement (clause 10) by which she obtained the U.S. Loan of 1945. A sight liability, which was admittedly only theoretical, cannot counterweigh validity against a specific statement of intention against which hard cash was received from the United States. A revision of policy under this head is the main problem immediately confronting us.

Now it is quite true that retrenchment in these great overseas payments would not directly balance our dollar account. The only direct means of doing so would be to succeed in our export drive or restrict imports. But such retrenchment would have a most powerful effect on our dollar balance indirectly in a number of ways. Before the war, Britain had a heavy deficit on trading account with the dollar area, a heavier deficit than she now has; this was financed by the supply to gold and dollars from the sterling area. Britain had an excess of exports to that area; that area had an excess of exports to the dollar area; and the dollar area had an excess of exports to the United Kingdom. It was a natural triangle of trade. The U.K. still has an excess of exports to the sterling area; she has reduced her excess of imports from the dollar area; but the sterling area has transformed its excess of exports to the dollar area into an excess of imports. Some parts of the sterling area (not all of it) have, in addition to buying their normal excess from the U.K., been lavish in their purchase of dollar goods. They have got their excess of U.K. goods on credit (or by drawing down their sterling balances), and have required Britain to finance their dollar deficit. This has put Britain in a wholly impossible position. Britain has done her bit in reducing her own dollar deficit; it would be quite absurd for her to aim at the target of having an exactly equal balance of trade with the dollar area; that would be entirely against nature.

The sterling area has only been able to proceed on a basis of extravagant expenditure by being able to draw to such a great extent on sterling on capital account. She can buy a large surplus of United Kingdom goods and at the same time buy dollar goods, partly by getting the United Kingdom to provide her with the dollars. This situation simply cannot go on. The only question is whether Britain brings it to an end by a moderate, but quick and effective, policy for reducing the availability of sterling, or the whole system of the sterling area collapses in the fairly near future. The second development would be a great disaster. But it stares Britain in the face, and she will therefore show an extreme of irresponsibility if she does not take quick measures.

Sterling must be made scarce in the sterling area. This would have a twofold immediate effect. It would reduce the

sterling area purchase of dollar goods, thus relieving Britain of the necessity of providing the sterling area with dollars—indeed she ought to be fed with some dollars from the sterling area—and it would reduce the flow of unrequited exports to the sterling area, which on its present scale is impeding the use of British resources for manufacture for the dollar area. Whenever there is any trouble, the authorities expect the British consumer to tighten his belt. It is time that the residents of the sterling area outside the U.K. shouldered some part of the joint responsibility.

The purpose of making sterling scarcer in the immediate future would be to prevent much more drastic action later. The first remedy is to introduce a regular plan for the redemption of sterling balances at a reasonable rate. Beyond that we have to look at the question of the great outflow of capital, which has been additional to the drawing down of the balances. Here it is to be hoped that no drastic measure, such as a rigid control, would be needed, and that a sufficient economy might be made by the informal British method of discountenancing large movements. The Colonial Office will also have to be taken to task. Once again, humane administrators must bear in mind that lavish capital expenditure now will have proved a disaster for the colonial territories if the metropolitan country has to go into liquidation.

A more subtle, but very potent, evil is the continued flow of illicit capital out of sterling. This is due to the weak condition of sterling. It is to be feared that this tendency will continue until sterling is once more made convertible. It is an ancient fallacy, hitherto recognised as such in Britain for many generations, that reserves can be preserved by making a currency inconvertible. The reverse is true. Inconvertibility, by destroying confidence, sets up a drain. If sterling were convertible and there were solid confidence in the future, there would probably be a reverse flow on capital account into the sterling. This reversal would probably by itself go a long way towards solving the dollar problem.

Meanwhile, the thoughts of some have been turned to the possibility of a currency unification in Europe. Britain and other countries would probably be greatly strengthened if trade could flow in Europe unimpeded by obstructions to payment, that is, if the countries within Europe were mutually convertible into one another without exchange controls. The time is ripe for the evolution of such a scheme. So far from being an obstacle to the resumption of more general convertibility, it should aid it. At present, any country seeking to establish convertibility would have to face the prospect of paying gold on account of its debits arising with other European countries, while not receiving gold on its credits. If the European countries were lumped together and each individual country only had to pay gold, not on the sum of its debits, but on its net debit to Europe as a whole, its task would be considerably easier. It is time that projects of this kind came into the discussion.

Finally, Britain's problem will not be solved until the prospect at home becomes more inviting for business. We need sufficient cuts in domestic programmes and in sterling releases to remove all danger of inflation, so that material controls can be removed and taxation made less penal. Such measures are necessary for the restoration of confidence in sterling. Unless confidence is restored soon, it is to be feared that our world-wide system will collapse, to the detriment of the British standard of living. It cannot now be foreseen how far these various measures would go to reducing the gap on dollar account. Britain must at long last grasp the nettle firmly, and express an absolutely firm resolution to limit her purchases, when the period of Marshall Aid comes to an end, to what she can afford, and make the consequent adjustment in her internal economy. It is ludicrous to suppose that such an adjustment would necessitate disaster and unemployment. Consider the adjustment that had to be made during the Battle of the Atlantic! But it is my own opinion that, if the various other measures which I have outlined were taken, the dollar deficit would be greatly reduced and the adjustment required small.

A COAT OF TWO COLOURS

WOODROW WYATT, M.P.

I'M not sure what I expected Ireland to look like; but certainly I never thought it would look like England. I have always been willing to take the word of the Southern Irish that they are foreigners. That, I thought, was why they wanted an independent Republic and the end of Partition; and foreign countries do not look like England. They look like France or Holland or India. The houses have a different style of architecture; the streets have a different appearance and so do the people walking in them. There are unfamiliar smells and colours and advertisements. But as our car drove up and away from Dunlaoghaire Harbour, towards Killiney Hill, I could see nothing I had not seen a thousand times before—in Surbiton, in Putney, in Birmingham. The suburban villas of the 'thirties, the Victorian houses, were all the same. Even the pillar-boxes were the same, except that through some quirk of the local authorities they had been painted green, and some of them were still embossed with the familiar G.R. or V.R. I was not reassured, after dinner at the thoroughly English hotel, to find that the park on top of Killiney Hill is called Victoria Park, and, as the notice on the gate proclaims, was opened to the public on the occasion of Her Majesty's Jubilee. But tomorrow, I consoled myself, it will be different. Tomorrow we travel across Ireland to Achill Island in County Mayo, a part so deeply Irish that those who, by reason of their profession, are obliged to learn Gaelic, go there to learn it. And after County Mayo Dublin too remained to be visited. Somehow, in the range of sophistication and wildness that these two could surely offer, one would discover Ireland.

Achill Island is the largest of the Irish islands. It is similar, I am told, to the Isle of Aran, but less publicised. To quote an 1879 guide-book, it is 'a large irregular island, separated on the east from the mainland by a sound not more than a mile in width; on the west exposed to the fury of the Atlantic ocean . . . there is scarcely a tree on the island.' Seventy years later there is no change. Bleak, magnificently hilly, the barren soil provides only for miserable small-holdings for the 7,000 inhabitants. Two thirds of the men, and many of the girls, go yearly from February to November to England to find work. Those who stay behind look after the small-holdings of the temporary emigrants. The money imported from England converts starvation standards to bearable living conditions, in so far as conditions, in a place where it rains most of the time and there is no gas or electric light, can be said to be bearable.

The organisation which does best out of the set-up is Patrick Sweeney and Son, the general stores at Achill Sound. There you can buy anything—tweeds, dresses, shoes, umbrellas, sweets, groceries, drink, and everything. If the stores make only an annual profit of 30 shillings on each islander, Mr. Sweeney (and Son) must be able to afford to live where there is sunshine. Others, however, do well for small return. Achill Island has need of numerous roads to serve its scattered communities, but the island is too remote for their upkeep to be undertaken directly by the County Council.

Instead, various local people are paid sums ranging from £10 a year upward to keep the stretch of road nearest to them in repair. When they protest, as many of them do, that they have neither the time nor the energy for the task, the County Council pays them their fee just the same, and the roads are left to go to ruin.

Once the islanders became concerned that the nearest hospital was forty miles away. Meetings were held, and a project was started to raise the funds to build a hospital near the Sound. Enthusiasm grew, and on the strength of the first subscriptions a fine field with a splendid view of the sea was bought. Then the subscriptions fell off and there was not enough money to do more than build a wall round the site. The islanders were not perturbed. If they could not have a hospital, they could do with a cemetery, and now there are five graves in the place where the main entrance to the hospital would have been.

One building that impressed me stood at the top of a hill by itself and a long way from the nearest village. Each time we passed it, I admired its modern style of architecture, its large windows, its well-proportioned white walls, and wondered that it never seemed to be in use. I inquired what it was. 'Oh that,' was the answer, 'that was our Central Technical College for evening classes. We needed one badly. It ran for a few months and had to pack up. It was too far away for anyone to get to after their work was finished at night.'

At Dugort, on the north of the island, was a well-cared-for Protestant Church. There was another at the Sound. Two Protestant Churches seemed a high allocation for a small and predominantly Roman Catholic area, but there was an explanation. In 1834 the Rev. E. Nangle, an enthusiastic Protestant from Scotland, became convinced that his mission was to divert the islanders from their Roman Catholic faith. At first he was not very successful. Then came the great famine of 1845 and 1846. To those who would subscribe to Mr. Nangle's view that through Protestantism lay the only hope of salvation in the next life, he offered food in this life. The rapidity of conversion was amazing, but when the danger of starvation receded, so did the belief in the new religion, leaving two substantial churches and only a handful of worshippers to use them—perhaps today there are not above two hundred on the island who profess Protestantism. Yet the minority creed is practised with full fervour; no doubt because it is a minority creed and its believers are under the obligation of disapproval to proclaim their faith. One Sunday in the plain unornamented church I counted sixty-five. That is a larger congregation than most well-populated English parishes have today.

MUCH in Ireland appears to stem from the same great famine as favoured the Rev. E. Nangle. If there are walls around a park, or huge slabs of stone arranged as seats in high and unlikely places, or obelisks, they are almost certain to have been put there in 1846 or thereabouts. The times produced one of the earliest forms of relief works, and absolute destitution was averted for some by small portions of imported corn, in return for work. Nelson's Pillar, by which all Dublin sets its direction, carries on its base the familiar date of 1846.

Today though, if you have the money, Dublin will feed you better than London or, in quantity, even than Paris. Steaks, chops, meat of all kinds in huge, impossible helpings on the plate . . . Jammet's and the Russell Hotel seem at present to hold the lead among the restaurants and a pre-war meal can be had in either for a pound or two. To start with, perhaps smoked salmon at five shillings or *foie gras* at nine shillings? Then, say, turtle soup at six shillings and, to follow, a fillet steak at six shillings or a chop for five. And with it, fried onions for two shillings and carrots for another two. To finish off, there is a nice *soufflée* at eight shillings. The extravagant will maybe, instead of a steak, have roast chicken for sixteen shillings. Only the stout is cheap, at sixpence a half pint.

Even on the slow, antiquated trains, averaging 24 miles an hour on an express

route, and described in one guide-book as giving 'fast, luxurious service to all parts', the food was expensive, and eccentric. In County Mayo we had boarded the train for the long journey to Dublin at one o'clock. 'What time is lunch?' I asked the dining-car attendant. 'No lunch now,' he said, 'Next meal is high tea.' Gloomily I inquired when that would be. 'Half past one,' was the answer. When it came, it was bacon, eggs and tea—for 4s. 6d. It is pleasant to be able to have bacon and eggs, but it is a high price for ordinary people to pay in the land where they are produced in such profusion.

From one woman who had lived in Ireland for nearly three years I tried to find out how the cost of living compared with England. She was very frank. 'In England,' she said, 'we lived more or less on the black market. Irish prices are slightly higher than that.' Despite the possibility of living well, with sufficient money, the atmosphere is not one of general prosperity. That is the most obvious reason for the persistent journeying to England after jobs.

The links with England are, of course, more than those created by employment in England. All Dublin emphasises that the Irish tend in at least one half of their personality merely to be Englishmen with an Irish accent. Many of the shops are branches of English firms, the pubs are the same and the phraseology of the people is hardly different. Sometimes you hear a phrase like 'the fellow is so bandy he won't stop a pig in a gap', but mostly the language is that of the Clapham omnibus, spoken with a softer, more agreeable voice.

Language is a Southern Irish obsession. To try and make the split with England a reality, the speaking of Gaelic is officially encouraged. (In County Mayo I heard two people on a bus break into Gaelic for a few minutes.) Accordingly all public notices are printed in English and Gaelic—except when they are really important, like 'Danger, Do Not Touch These Wires'. Then the Gaelic is left out.

However irritating it may be to the Irish Nationalist, English habits and even English sentiments prevail. A Government official commented to me on one fact about the war that the Eireann Government had not cared to publicise: proportionately to the populations there were more volunteers to the British Forces from south of the border than from north of it. The longer one stays in Dublin, the more an inescapable feeling grows that Irish Nationalism is an understandable provincialism driven by English mismanagement to separatism. As the grey-haired commissionaire in the Chamber of the old Irish House of Lords—still preserved in the Bank of Ireland—said as he pointed to a tapestry depicting the Siege of Derry, 'That is the largest tapestry in the United Kingdom.' 'The largest tapestry where did you say?' I asked him a little later. 'In the United Kingdom,' he repeated firmly.

That is one half of the Irish personality. The other half, with its charm, persuasiveness and un-Englishness, is too much agreed upon to need further remark. It is a basic irresponsibility that divides the Irish character from the English and makes it so hard for the two races to understand each other. In Ireland things just do not happen as promised. The night before we left for England I spoke to a taxi-cab driver. 'Will you take us to the station in the morning?' 'Yes, certainly, and I will write down the address now.' 'Do you promise to come because I'm told that taxi-cabs are unreliable in Dublin?' 'You need have no fear.'

I told some friends I had arranged for a taxi-cab to call for us in the morning. Do write and let us know whether he does come or not, they asked. If he does, he will be the first Dublin cab driver who has kept his word for years. Impressed by the earnestness of the driver's protestations, I had no doubt he would come. As I waited in mounting panic the next morning as the time of the boat-train's departure came nearer, I realised I was wrong.

Yet, despite the differences from England, my only visit to Ireland has left me more impressed by the similarities.

A distinguished scholar and translator of Kierkegaard's works returns to the remote corner of Northern Denmark which the philosopher considered his 'favourite place'

A Pilgrimage in the Steps of SØREN KIERKEGAARD

T. H. CROXALL

English visitors to Denmark naturally and rightly visit Copenhagen, Aarhus, Roskilde, and (with a special thrill) Odense, where Hans Andersen was born. An increasing number also visit Denmark because they are getting to know about Søren Kierkegaard, whose philosophy has so profoundly influenced the whole world of thought. It was he who started the prevalent mode of philosophy known as Existentialism, though he is not at all responsible for the aberrations of that style of philosophy as it is often presented to us today.

Kierkegaard lived from 1813–55, and spent most of his life in Copenhagen. But in July and August 1835, he took a holiday in North Sjælland (called in English—Zealand), and made excursions into the neighbouring, sparsely populated countryside. He visited, for example, Gribs Forest, though this he often visited both before and afterwards. He visited Esrom; drove along the road skirting the west side of Esrom Lake; took an expedition on Søborg Lake (Danish *Soborgsø*); visited Søborg Castle (then and now a ruin); looked into Søborg Church, and so on. Some of these places I had determined to see, for I am a 'lover' of Søren Kierkegaard. (Kierkegaard never sought for disciples, but prophesied he would get many a lover.) So, on an exceptionally warm, sunny October day—exceptional because both autumn and spring are on the whole colder and shorter in Denmark than in England—I took a train from Copenhagen, to visit the places I have mentioned.

The train, after leaving Hillerød, runs right through the heart of Gribs Forest (called in Danish, *Gribskov*). It is a dear little train, consisting of two or three brightly painted coaches (quite enough for the needs of a lonely countryside), driven by a Diesel engine. The carriage windows are large, and if one is sitting well forward, one can look out in a forward direction beyond the driver, and so see where one is going: a thing which one cannot normally do in a train.

My plan was to visit Søborg Lake, village, church, and castle first. So I alighted at Graested Station, just beyond the northern outskirts of Gribs Forest, in order to walk first to Soborg Lake. The romance of this spot is great, both to nature lovers and to lovers of Søren Kierkegaard. Readers of Kierkegaard's *Stages on Life's Way* will recall what Frater Taciturnus, the pseudonymous author of the section therein entitled *Guilty/Not Guilty?*, tells us. He says that what he gives us in *Guilty/Not Guilty?* is only the written contents of a box he accidentally fished up from Soborg Lake. This is a fantastic story, for of course the documents are all Kierkegaard's own, though he is purposely hidden behind complex pseudonymity. The lake, we are told, is shut in by

luxuriant reeds, which are 'as dense as a forest, and reach to a height of about four yards.' It is therefore so hidden that it seems as though it were 'lost to the world for ever.' Frater Taciturnus and a friend, we are told, had one day taken a punt out on to this lake. It was a struggle to push the boat through the reeds, and many a bittern, which 'thrice repeats its cry and then thrice repeats it', was disturbed. While punting through the reeds, the two men felt as though they were in luxuriant India. Once out into the clear lake, it felt like the Pacific Ocean.

All this, any English reader may read in Lowrie's translation of *Stages on Life's Way* (*Stadier paa Livets Vej*). What the reader will not know, unless he reads Danish and possesses Kierkegaard's *Papirer*, is that Kierkegaard himself underwent precisely this experience with a friend. In the *Papirer*, Vol. I, A. 69, he writes: 'On August 4th (1835) I visited Pastor Lyngbye in Søborg Vicarage, and he took me with him on a little excursion on to Søborg Lake. This lake, formerly a huge one [it was, in fact, in the Middle Ages a deep bay from the Kattegat] has now to a great extent disappeared.' The water, he says, was only a few feet deep, and overgrown with sea-plants. The mention of sea-plants implies that the water was still salt or brackish from the days when it was united with the Kattegat. The difficulty of traversing the reeds is described just as Frater Taciturnus describes it in *Stages on Life's Way*. 'Like whales with herrings, we drove quantities of mud before us.' Out in the clear lake, 'a huge noise from wild duck, sea-gulls, crows, etc., and the floating islands [i.e. loose plant-covered patches of mud] made a very pleasing impression.' Pastor Lyngbye was a great authority on sea-weeds. Indeed, his *magnum opus*, *Hydrophytologia Danica*, is still a standard work. He was a poor country parson all his life, and at this time held the combined livings of Gilleleje and Søborg, his vicarage being at Søborg.

With all this in mind, I was full of eagerness to see the place, even though I knew that now *the whole lake is drained*, and has become fertile farm-land. Leaving Graested station, I walked a mile or so in the beautiful lonely countryside. Larks sang (though it was October) and multitudes of birds enlivened the air, sprinkling their song over the smiling countryside. I crossed one or two canals, clearly part of the drainage system, and arrived at a large and prosperous farm on the outskirts of the erstwhile lake. Threshing was going on, and I sat down on a heap of straw and talked to the farmer. He was, of course, surprised to find a stray Englishman in these lonely parts, and though he could not remember the lake himself, he told me how, as recently as 1946 or so, the land was sometimes so water-logged in winter weather as to come waist-high. There is now, however, he told me, an adequate pumping station in Søborg village.

Naturally the farm, being on the site of the lake, lay in low-lying land, and Søborg church stood a mile away on an eminence, with the village clustered round it. To this I next walked across the fields, braving some ferocious farm-dogs on the way. It is a twelfth-century brick building, Gothic, with a row of pillars up the middle of the nave, dividing it into two halves—an unusual arrangement. Its tower is capped by the usual Danish gables, mounting step-wise to their apex. Mural paintings of great antiquity adorn the walls of the church. The font is clearly very ancient, of Romanesque design, and the altar richly carved. Kierkegaard visited this church, but he says nothing either of its great architectural beauty or historic interest. I have indeed found nothing in all his works indicating that he had any particular appreciation of architecture. Here his only remark is, 'The church with its three rows of seats shows at once that it is not an ordinary village church. [Søborg in fact was once much bigger than it now is.] On the wall, up towards the altar, is a list of priests since the Reformation, and there was something really solemn to think of these men—they were priests to the Castle—who according to report often had remained thirty or forty years (yes, one even forty-eight years) in the same place with the same

congregation.' (*Papirer*, loc. cit.) The three rows of seats no longer remain, but a list of clergy up towards the altar does, though it is new, and gives dates. It includes the aforementioned Pastor Lyngbye. Kierkegaard adds that 'Lyngbye had found a gravestone in the churchyard, which he has sent to Copenhagen to be set up in the Round-tower [i.e. the tower of Holy Trinity Church], upon which was carved in encircling runes "Ave Maria". He thought it might possibly be an inscription from the grave of Queen Helvig, who is known to have lived here.'

Next I walked to the ruins of the Castle, half a mile or more away. The waters of the lake used to surround it on three sides, for it stood (as an old map in the church vestry showed) on a spit of land running right out into the lake. A moat, still clearly defined, defended it on the land side. Kierkegaard's only remark about this castle is laconic to a degree: 'I saw the ruins of the Castle also; however there was nothing new, and everything about it can be found in Becker's description of Danish strongholds.' (The reference is to Becker's *Efterretninger om de gamle Borge i Danmark og Hertugdømmerne*, København, 1830). This may not seem very enthusiastic, but we ought to notice that at least he was interested enough to have looked the place up in Becker's work. Søborg was a considerable market-town in the Middle Ages but, since the destruction of the Castle in the sixteenth century, it has become only a village. A stone, recently set up on the site of the ruins, records the fact that some draining of the lake had begun as early as the end of the eighteenth century, i.e. before Kierkegaard saw it. It was completed in two other stages, and finished by the end of the nineteenth century.

My musings among the ruins in the warm midday sunshine had allowed time to slip by all too quickly. I had planned to get back to Graested station to catch the next train on to Gilleleje. The station was two miles away, and suddenly I realised I had but half an hour to catch my train. So I set off with a will, only to hear the hoot of the train when I was still half a furlong away. Fortunately a boy passed me just then on a bicycle, and I bade him ride and hold up the train, which he did. There is no hurry in these lonely parts!

Gilleleje is a lovely little town on the sea, at the most northerly point in Sjælland, where the Øresund meets the Kattegat. In rough weather the sea can be very turbulent, but my visit coincided with perfect weather, and a heaven-blue sea like the Mediterranean. In the distance opposite, to the right, is the coast of Sweden; and one could plainly see the town of Kullen, which Kierkegaard visited with a cousin of Pastor Lyngbye. Kierkegaard writes of Gilleleje thus (*Papirer*, I.A. 70): 'As a fishing place and as the most northerly point in Sjælland, and for this reason fairly remote from the rest of its surroundings, Gilleleje has something personal about it, which among other things shows itself for example in the townsfolks' "Gable-fellowship"; and in the fact that after every catch, everybody partakes of a "meal-time"—as it is called—i.e. a party, to which every person contributes a shilling [a small coin, no longer used, worth about a half-penny]. They are almost all related to each other, and it is like one big family. When therefore a boat, during my stay there, on its way to the island of Hessel [a small island off Sjælland, to the west of Gilleleje] remained at sea rather a long time in fairly stormy weather, there was general anxiety in the town, and they hurried frequently up to Gilbjerg to see if they could see the boat.'

Gilbjerg is a headland a mile or so to the west of the town. To this I first walked, because I knew that set up on the highest point is a large stone to the memory of Kierkegaard's visit. Why is this visit of such interest? Because here in Gilleleje his philosophy first appears in embryo. Here he first began (he was then twenty-two years old) to take himself to task, and to ask what life was for, and whither he was going. Born of a rich father, he had hitherto drifted through the University, not without brilliance, but

aimlessly; not knowing his own mind, not having chosen his life's work, not having found what he calls 'the Archimedean point', whereby he could move the world. We read in the *Papirer*, I.A. 63–75, how in Gilleleje he struggled with himself, pondering whether in science, philosophy or Christianity he should find his Archimedean point. In his heart of hearts he knew that Christianity was his only hope, and that therein lay the only solution of his problems. But Christianity is, he says, a radical cure, 'and like all radical cures, one puts it off as long as possible.' That is what he did. Resolving in Gilleleje to turn to Christianity, he yet, after leaving the place, shrank from doing so. He slipped back into the old aimless ways, continued to drift—aye and worse—until, in 1838, a great spiritual experience, followed by his father's death, put him firmly and finally into the fold of Christianity.

To sit on this headland and ponder all this, and also read again all the notes Kierkegaard wrote in Gilleleje, was to me a wonderful experience. On the memorial stone (near which I sat) are carved the words 'Kierkegaard's favourite place' (*Kierkegaard's Yndlingssted*)—his own description of the place. Then follows but one sentence, taken from a footnote to a jotting now printed in *Papirer*, I.A. 75, *Hvad er Sandhed andet end en Leven for en Idee?*—'What else is truth but living for an Idea?' The stone was set up in 1935(this also is recorded on it), exactly one hundred years after Kierkegaard's visit. In the entry I.A. 68, Kierkegaard writes: 'When one goes out from the inn (i.e. Gilleleje Inn) over the Black Bridge (so called because the plague in its day must have stopped here) into the open fields which lie along the shore [now, alas, all too often taken up with villas and holiday bungalows] along a footpath [which is still there] towards the north, one comes to the highest point here, namely Gilbjerg. This point has always been one of my favourite places. And as I stood there on a quiet evening, while the sea with deep but quiet seriousness tuned its song, and my eyes did not meet a single sail on the great expanse, but the sea formed the boundary to heaven, and heaven to the sea, and the birds sang their evensong—there often rose up for me as from the grave the few beloved ones who have passed away. [Kierkegaard had, in the previous three years, i.e. since 1832, lost two sisters, one brother, and his mother, besides another brother and another sister in 1819 and 1822 respectively.] Or, should I say rather, that it seemed to me as if they were not dead. I felt as though I were indeed in their midst. I rested in their embrace, and it was as if I were out of the body, and floated about in a higher ether with them—and then the hoarse cry of the rooks reminded me that I stood alone: everything vanished from my eyes, and I turned back with a heart full of sadness, to mingle with the world's strife, yet without forgetting such sacred moments. Often I stood there and looked back over my past life, and over the various circumstances which had exercised their power over me; and then the small things which so often are hindrances in life, and the many misunderstandings which so often separate people of different temperaments from each other (when, if they rightly understood one another, they would be united with indissoluble bonds) faded away from my meditative glance . . . '

It was high noon, not evening, when I sat up there. But the same blue expanse, with heaven bounding the sea, and the sea heaven, was before me. There were, however, sails to be seen, and a few steam-boats too; for fishing boats come from Sweden in the herring season, which then was just closing. But there was not a soul in sight, and the unutterable peace of the place, whether one looked out northwards over the blue sea, or southwards over the wide landscape, all bathed in brilliant sunshine, was conducive to catching the mood of Kierkegaard.

I lingered as long as I could, and ate my sandwich lunch. Then I descended to the town. A long mole forms a landing place for fishing boats, and I understand that the place

supports some twenty-five cutters, which fish for herring, plaice and cod. A sandy foreshore gives excellent bathing in the season. In the middle of the town stands Gilleleje Inn, the one at which Kierkegaard stayed, but now much altered. The parish priest told me that many older folk could remember it as Kierkegaard knew it. The church is only some two hundred years old, and the living has long been separated from Søborg. I called on the priest, who received me hospitably and gave me tea, afterwards setting me on my journey again to Esrom Lake.

It was 15.44 when my train left Gilleleje, and I alighted at about 4 p.m. at Storkevad Halt, right in the heart of Gribs Forest. My plan was to walk directly eastwards through the forest to Esrom Lake. I shall not easily forget the beauty and stillness of that late afternoon walk. Beech and conifers are perhaps the chief trees, but there are many others also. My walk from the station to the lake was about two and a half miles. I met hardly anyone, and passed, on this particular stretch, only one cottage. I reflected upon what it must be like to live in such an isolated spot, so surrounded by trees.

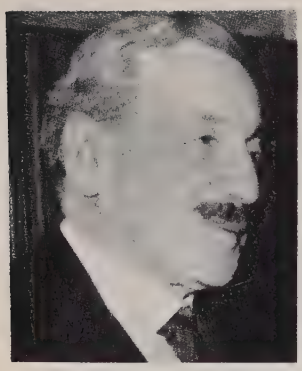
At length I reached the lake, and there my road met another road running north and south along the lake, which I knew Kierkegaard had traversed. By the lake-side at the point where I first reached it was a solitary ploughman who was willing to chat with me. He told me the alarming news that it was twelve kilometres (seven and a half miles) to Hillerød. I knew I had to get there somehow, and it was already nearly sunset. I looked like being benighted in the forest. However, I kept calm and sat by the lake and read what Kierkegaard says about the place. He writes (*Papirer* I.A. 65): 'On July 8th I made an excursion to Esrom. When one goes from Esrom to Nøddebo along the lakeside, one goes along one of the most charming roads I have come upon for a long time. First of all, Sølyst (=Lakeside joy) on the left, built almost on the lake. [The house is still there, in private ownership.] Then on the right, Fredensborg Castle. [Built by King Frederik IV in 1720, and now used by the Royal Family chiefly as an autumn residence.] On the right is the continuous wood, consisting of beech and fir. In some places are plantations of young firs three or four years old. On the way, I encountered a thunderstorm. I was rejoicing at the prospect of seeing such a storm come up over Esrom Lake and Gribs Forest; but it only turned to rain. However, it interested me to see the preliminaries to such a spectacle. I have, of course, seen the sea in such circumstances turned a blue-grey by the sharp ripples, and I have also noticed how the gusts of wind, which foretold the thunderstorm's near approach, whirl the grass and the sand along the coast into the air; but I have never before seen how such a part is played, when it is not only grass but a whole forest which these gusts of wind (these trumpet sounds which announce the judgment) have to set in motion. Since, however, it all came to nothing but rain, I thought it best to take shelter somewhere or other. The kind of place I wanted soon appeared. Although I sought an entrance for a long time, none was to be found. A figure appeared at one of the windows and beckoned; but she apparently did not feel called upon to inconvenience herself by coming out in such rain; and to open a window—why there was as little likelihood of that as there usually is among peasants. My carriage, therefore, must be halted under some trees which bent over the way as if to give me shelter. Then, clad in my huge chenille coat, I stepped into the room, where I found a company consisting of three persons about to have their afternoon meal. For furniture, there was, of course, the long large table at which our peasants like to eat; then a "heaven-bed" (four-poster) in the literal sense of the word; for I think that when one wants to go to bed there, one must go up to the loft in order then to let himself fall down into it—a fall which, reckoned by peasant-standards, is rather deep. The adjoining room, of which the door stood open, was a store room for linen, shirts, towelling, etc., in great disorder,

which could easily suggest to one's mind that one had come upon a gang of robbers —a thought which seemed to fit in with the position of the place (on the one side Esrom Lake, on the other side Gribs Forest with no house within a good distance) and also the people's appearance. Let us now take a little look at them. At the farthest end of that long table aforementioned, sat the husband himself, with his *smørrebrød* and a bottle of brandy before him. He listened quite unmoved to the story of my ill-luck, and only took a nip at his glass only now and then; a thing which the cubic content of his nose seemed to show he did very often. However, the frequency of this enjoyment had in no way weakened its pleasure, and I am certain that he still drank his snaps with the same relish as one who has recently come out of a temperance meeting. The wife was not particularly tall, but with a broad face, a hideous, upturned nose, and a pair of cunning eyes, and with respect to their means of livelihood (she did people's bleaching), she assured me that one had to earn one's bit somehow or other. To these two must be added a little hunch-backed girl—the same creature which had appeared at the window, and which I then took for a child.

'SOON the rain ceased, and I hastened forward. But so far only the preliminaries had taken place; and when I got into Gribs Forest, it then began in real earnest. Lightning and thunder now seriously began. The rain quickly drenched us through, and so we had no occasion to hurry as far as that was concerned; but the little boy (Rudolph) who was with me, was terrified. So there I sat, wringing wet, dripping with water, in the middle of Gribs Forest, in lightning and thunder, with a boy by my side who trembled at the lightning. Trotting briskly we at last came to a house wherein we took refuge, crestfallen and wretched. Folks poor; housewife domesticated. Sat and spun. Husband snuffling. The first thing my eye fell upon at entering, was a kind of a door to a closet, which was formed from an old defective piece of wood, on which was painted a girl in simple country dress with the following inscription underneath: "My fields feed me, my sheep clothe me; here I take my nourishment as the house enables me." I begged of them a little food for my horse, which they were not very willing to give me, since they only had half enough. Yet they allowed themselves to be persuaded, and when I paid them substantially, the housewife answered that she ought not to take so much; but she let herself be persuaded to take it, when I said that I could spare it, and she needed it.'

SUCH was Kierkegaard's experience. Mine was different, though on the spot, I could easily imagine Kierkegaard's plight, and how terrifying a thunderstorm might be. But mine was a calm evening, with the sun gradually setting, spangling the tree-trunks with gold as it shone athwart them low in the heavens. I had a long way to go, for my way lay southwards towards Nøddebo, along the very road Kierkegaard describes, with the forest on my right and the lake on my left. Soon the road plunged deeper into the forest, and all seemed darker. I passed a couple of houses, but they seemed neat and trim, and I had no need to imagine the inhabitants as a gang of robbers, such as the people in the first house appeared to Kierkegaard. After a while, I saw a man and woman with two children ahead of me, not far from the village of Nøddebo, where the road joins a larger and more main road from Helsingør to Hillerød. I spoke to them, and found they had a car nearby, and that they were going to drive back to Hillerød, having driven out from there in order to go for a short walk in the woods. Hillerød was still some five miles ahead, and to my joy they offered to drive me there. The lady had been in England, or rather the Isle of Wight, but had forgotten her English. It was then about 5.20 p.m. I asked if I could catch the 5.36 train at Hillerød for Copenhagen. 'We will see,' they said. Driving quickly, but steadily, we accomplished it, passing through the last stretch of Gribs Forest, and arriving at Hillerød station just in time.

Profiles in



Belief or despair

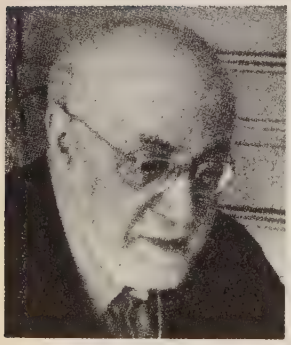
LORD SAMUEL

Philosopher Statesman

In his eightieth year, he has been an M.P. and a member of the House of Lords for almost fifty years, and was the first Jew to sit in a British Cabinet. He reached Westminster in time to see Mr. Gladstone, 'an old gentleman growling "Hear, Hear".' But he was too late to see the heyday of the Liberals. Now, their revered leader in the Lords, Herbert Louis Samuel, President of the Royal Institute of Philosophy, is a great personage.

Political liberalism died in the 1920s when, after Gladstone and Asquith, Lloyd George faded out. It had belonged to a gentler age, an age when men, less drawn to extremes, still thought, as Lord Samuel does today, that 'Communism is hateful, Socialism a mistake and Conservatism useless.' Political liberalism spawned ideas rather than platform policies, axioms rather than white papers. It glorified man, the individual. But, without the cynicism of modern times, it was hopelessly swamped.

With Lord Samuel, however, liberalism carried on as a faith. Wise, humorous, well-informed, tolerant, he still tries by dint of a fine intellect and a well-balanced flow of words to make it triumph. It is, he firmly believes, the philosophy for these times of transition from guess-work to science, from hand labour to machinery, from the rule of the few to the rule of the many, from empires to free states. What he says, in effect, is that thought is most important—individual thought; in his 1947 Romanes Lecture he told his audience: '. . . if you free yourself from the influence of persuasive rhetoric, intricate logic and ancient authority; if you delve far down beneath the surface, what will you find but assumptions, which everyone is as free to deny as to accept?' This freedom (and the ability to come to the right conclusions) is what counts. Always a member of a Party, but never a partisan, always a fighter but never a fanatic, Lord Samuel well deserves to be heard.



Truth or flattery

HENRI MATISSE

Artist of our Time

'There is an inherent truth,' he once wrote, 'which must be disengaged from the outward appearance of the object. This is the only truth that matters. Exactitude is not truth.' Henri Matisse has been searching for truth, away from exactitude, for a very long time. This month, at eighty, he is one of the last old masters of the new painting. From the early, adroit still-life, to the present, abstract paper cut-outs, brighter than circus posters, his bolts of lightning, strident blues, yellows and ochres, have revolutionised art.

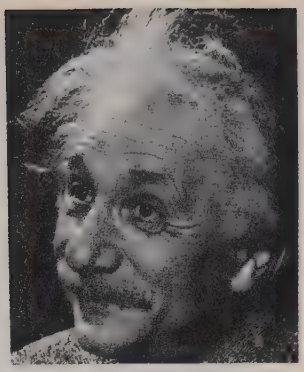
When he came on the scene, impressionism was moribund. Gauguin had drawn away from it, and Cézanne shown the way out of it. Matisse, Picasso, and other 'Fauves' were to do more than that; they revolted against all naturalism, demanded a sort of artistic free speech which was to set the pace until today. A painting, they decided, was a painting first and foremost, and whatever it represented must be secondary. With Picasso's 'Les Demoiselles d'Avignon' in 1907 came the second move: Cubism. Matisse stayed on the fringes of it, carried on with his own brand of inspired surrealism.

Undoubtedly, the most important sequel of the revolt was that the bounds of academic propriety had been passed and an artist was free. It was his conception that mattered. Modern art, as it is known today, burst forth: much of it bad, some of it very good, and the 'isms' flourished—futurism, vorticism, dadaism, intimism—and there was no going back. Along with Matisse and Picasso, the best of the new painters survived the nonsense of the 1920s. Once charged with wilful eccentricity, senseless disregard of nature and a deliberate intent to shock the public and advertise themselves, Matisse no longer needs self-advertising; the world goes to him.

Miniature

ALBERT EINSTEIN

Professor of Relativity



Creation or destruction

In 1905, he asserted: $E=mc^2$ and the theoretical basis of atomic fission was laid. He changed the simple, static world of Newton into the fluctuating, complicated world of relativity. Albert Einstein achieved a revolution.

The man who these days shuffles down Main Street, in Princeton, in a turtle-necked sweater and shiny blue trousers, looks too mild to have done anything of the kind. Yet he was the origin, the fountain-head. Whether he took an active part in them or not, his scientific span covers a host of gigantic forward strides in physics, chemistry, biology, applied science, and a dozen other fields of human activity. They go from the first hesitant puffing of the horseless carriage, through X-rays, radar, television, jet propulsion, penicillin, plastic surgery, to the new fields of atomic power.

Since his 'General Theory of Relativity', he has enlarged the boundaries constantly, let others explore them in detail; his brain-power, equal to none in the living world, has trained others, kindled new sparks. And now, an old man, Einstein goes on puzzling out his 'idealised experiments' quite undeterred by his own belief that 'I shall be wrong 99 times out of 100.' It is the hundredth time that counts.

There can be no proper valuation of Einstein in terms of words, for he is a prophet whose message has yet, for the most part, to be understood and applied. But, better than most, he knows that men work only too fast—in the wrong directions—and he is gravely concerned about the future; the man who helped bring in the atomic age has become the very symbol of the age, quoting hopefully in his disbelief: 'The Lord is subtle but never mischievous.' Einstein doubts not the end, but the means men will use to perfect their civilisation. But with feverish unhappiness, he searches for some panacea for peace. It is matched only by his belief that science must go forward.

LADY ASTOR

Symbol of Emancipation

Flattery or equality

'The more I see of men,' she said, 'the more I think of women.' The more one saw of Viscountess Astor between the 1900s and the last war, the more one wondered what influence this Virginian phenomenon would have on British life. She was one of society's brightest jewels, and a stormy petrel in politics. The first woman to be returned to Parliament, she sat there for twenty-six years, erupted twice a day into some of the wildest and often most irrelevant comments Westminster ever heard. But her presence there meant much, and the lady never let that be forgotten.

When she was born nearly seventy years ago, there was only one women's college in Britain—Girton. Everywhere women were barred from university life, from politics, from the legal profession. There were no women in the higher ranks of the Civil Service, in diplomacy. In the arts, they were frowned upon as freaks. They could neither vote nor be elected, not even to municipal office. And when a woman wished to exercise her right and own and manage property, the newspapers made headlines out of it.

Then came the pre-1914 suffragette movement and, though Lady Astor played little or no part in it, she became the symbol of its winning fight. It is in the past seventy years that women have made their greatest advance; in the last thirty years it has been consolidated all along the line, though it has not yet achieved its latest goal—equal pay for equal work.

Now, Lady Astor is a 'politically suppressed, but not extinct, volcano.' She still fulminates against alcoholic drinks, men in general, and Hollywood glamour. Perhaps she was never quite the dream of the suffragettes, but she served their ideals well.

Saturday morning—and the doors open for the members of one of the numerous Children's Cinema Clubs

CHILDREN AT THE CINEMA

J. P. MAYER

FROM Plato and Aristotle onwards, to Tocqueville, almost all social scientists, who have shaped our political vocabulary and understanding of the intricacies of the body politic, have devoted their attention to the theatre and its impact on the social attitude of the citizen. With the increasing specialisation of the social sciences during the nineteenth century, this comprehensive outlook has almost disappeared. The cinema is for our time what the theatre or the circuses were to previous civilisations. It seemed worthwhile, therefore, to attempt to revive this tradition and look at our contemporary cinema against this background of an almost forgotten tradition. For this reason I have spent several years analysing the social impact of the cinema on our contemporary world.[1]

Our social habits are formed when we are children. The future citizen is shaped by the experiences of his childhood. Family, school and recreational activities are guiding influences for the child. Among these recreational activities, the influence of the cinema is today probably the most powerful. It can become even more powerful than family, school or sport and other forms of play.

I have been able to show that the age groups 5–14 represent twenty per cent of our total national cinema attendance. If one adds to this section of our cinema-going public the age groups 14–17, it becomes evident that children and adolescents represent one-third of the British cinema audience. The cinema-going habit is therefore a youth problem of formidable proportions. It can also be said that it is a further indisputable statistical fact that the lower income groups

[1] *Cf.* my books, *Sociology of Film*, revised edition, Faber, 1948, and *British Cinemas and their Audiences*, Dobson, 1948.

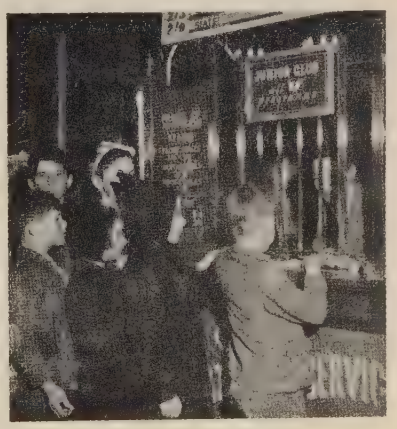
and the people of a lower educational standard go oftener to the cinema than those groups with a higher economic and educational standard.

Now it is important to realise that this country has a film censorship; a self-appointed body of the commercial film-interest, which divides films into A-, U-, and H-films (films for Adult and Universal audiences and Horror films). Children under sixteen can see A- films only if they are accompanied by parents or bona fide guardians. To see a Horror film, which, admittedly, has become relatively rare, you must be eighteen years old. Yet it is common knowledge that film exhibitors show A- and U-films together in the same programme, so that children, even if they are unaccompanied by an adult, enter the cinema while the U-film is shown and simply stay on when the A-film appears on the screen. Field studies have proved that children manage to see all the films they want to see, except perhaps H-films, but even this does not appear impossible when they are sufficiently tall. Films of the *No Orchids for Miss Blandish* type (which, even in its cut form, cannot be said to be suitable for children) are therefore within their easy reach.

THOUGH there have been recently admirable U-films like *Scott of the Antarctic* or *The Overlanders*, which I regard as ideal films for children (and adults), it is impossible to maintain that films of the type like *Gilda*, *The Spiral Staircase*, *Shock*, *Leave her to Heaven*, *Duel in the Sun*, *The Brothers*, etc., with their recurrent themes of violence, murder, and sexual lust—called 'love'—can do any good to child audiences. Indeed, it is incomprehensible that a civilised state can tolerate a censorial system which many of my Swiss friends, who are no less democratic than we are, find outrageous.

I have given in *British Cinemas and their Audiences* numerous examples of fright and horror experiences reported to me by adult film-goers; many of these experiences date back to early and earliest childhood. I do not plead for an elimination of suspense and thrills from films, but I insist that there are natural thrills, beautifully illustrated in *Scott of the Antarctic*, and there are destructive thrills as, for example, in the film *Possessed*, in which a person apparently dead reappears in the imagination which on the screen becomes a frightening reality. A distressed mother came to see me after a lecture I had given to a Parents' Association in London in which I had mentioned this film, asking for my advice about what to do with her little daughter aged eight, who remained sleepless for two nights after seeing the film.

Some of the critics of my film studies have observed that fairy tales may have an equally strong effect on children. I very much doubt it, for the printed word cannot compete with the power of the visual experience except, of course, in cases where children have a very strong imaginative faculty. Seeing is believing. Unfortunately, it is quite impossible at the present stage of our psychological knowledge to give a statistical estimate of the extent of these nightmare and fright phenomena. I only wish our academic psychologists would pay serious attention to their further study. Such further study is urgently needed, in view of the speedy development of television, which will require a well-founded and tested knowledge of the social influence of the visual experience.



The programmes consist of selected 'U'-films

A study in expressions as, once again, the Hero struggles against the machinations of the Villain

Yet the fright and horror phenomena show the film influence only in its most acute form. What is perhaps more important is the influence of films on children's value patterns, their general outlook on life and their collective and individual attitudes. This side of the film influence is probably the most difficult to illustrate. Incidentally, in this respect I am by no means satisfied with my work. Value patterns and social attitudes in children grow almost imperceptibly. As I do not want to repeat what I have said elsewhere, I should like to quote at some length from an important American book, *Youth in Despair*, by Ralph S. Banay, who is Director of Research on Social Deviations at Columbia University. Mr. Banay, one of the very few psychologists who has studied the cinema, characterises the values which the average film portrays as follows: 'Happiness is measured in terms of material accumulation, and masculinity in terms of nimbleness with knife, gun and fist. Aggression and even murder are glorified by the subtle insinuation that in some instances it is justifiable to take the law into one's own hands: the glorification of raw power and lawlessness in Hollywood moving pictures is excessive. In the average film today the youthful observer thrills at the sight of the reckless hero brutally punching and clouting his equally ruthless adversary, overcoming him with a well-aimed whisky bottle, rushing dishevelled but victorious into the waiting arms of a ravishingly beautiful, sleekly-attired young woman, who, thoroughly impressed with his virility, promptly falls in love with him and promises to be his for the rest of her life. . . . Glamour and romance pervade the scene. The villain is reaping rewards in power, wealth and love. Agreed: because of the censorship, the producer is obliged to remember that crime is supposed not to pay. So, at the end of such pictures, a few policemen appear, and, after a harrowing pursuit, the gangster is apprehended. . . . The child leaves the picture unimpressed by the slight implications of eventual punishment. On the other hand, he carries away with him all the vivid details of the gangster's exciting and glamorous existence before the arrest.' Though Mr. Banay writes of American films, his conclusions apply also to British child audiences, for few of the American products are withheld from us, not to mention our home produce. By the still little-explored process of *identification mystique*, the value patterns of films become the value patterns in real life.

We have noted that children can see all types of films. We must now ask ourselves: what films do they prefer? I have given a more detailed answer in *Sociology of Film*. Here it must suffice to say that boys of ten years of age may choose cowboy films as their first preference; girls of the same age love pictures, or, in other words, films of a more sentimental type. Examining the second preferences of the same age-group, I found then—my investigations were conducted in 1945—war films for the boys, and cowboy films for the girls. From this I

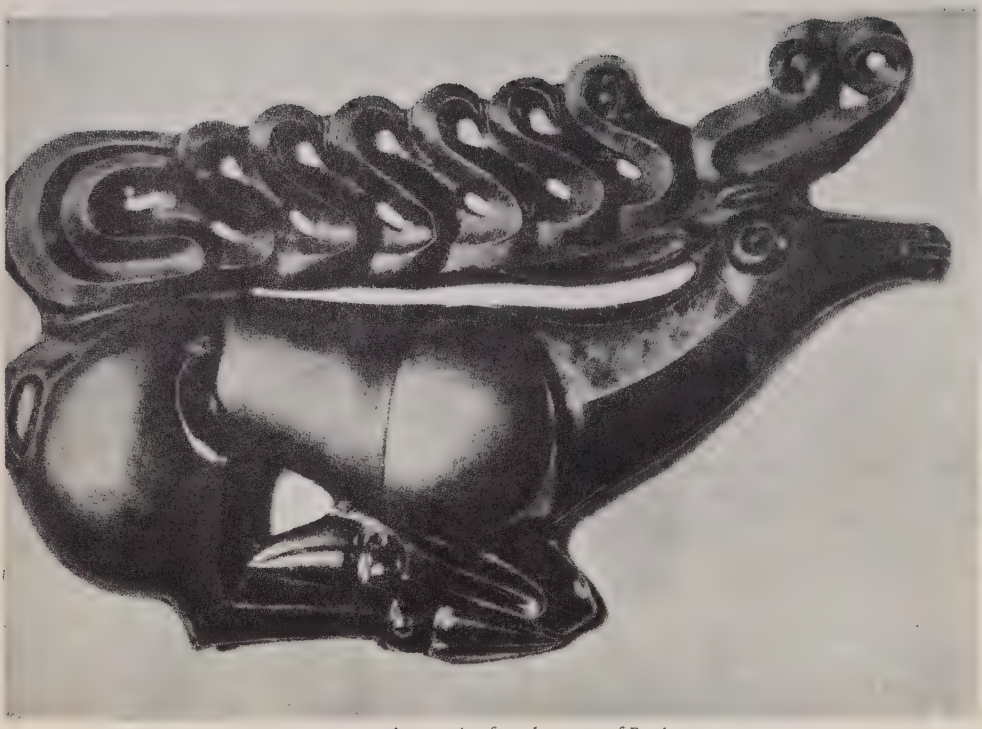
venture to conclude that a film like *Scott of the Antarctic*, in which action, thrill, and simple sentiments are integrated, would appeal to boys *and* girls.

I may perhaps add here that I have recently revisited the same North Paddington L.C.C. school in which some of my fieldwork was conducted in 1945. The Headmaster very kindly asked the children to write essays on the subject: 'The films I like and dislike. Why. How they affect me.' He and I gave short explanatory introductions in which we avoided as much as possible 'leading questions'. Having studied these essays, I am inclined to believe that films with plenty of action and adventure are still the first preference of boys, whereas girls of the same age-group seem to prefer 'funny' films; the preference for action and adventure in the case of girls is definitely less striking. All the essays—some eighty—prove with only one exception the aversion of this age-group to murder films. One boy, aged ten, writes: 'Sometimes I close my eyes when there is a murder or some one falling over a cliff. One day I went to the pictures with my mother and we saw a film called *Murder at Midnight*. When I went home with my mother, I was scared stiff and I never went to sleep till about one o'clock in the morning.' Another child, a boy of the same age, notes this: 'The films I dislike are murders films. I dislike murder films because when a laddy is murdured it make me criey to see a laddy have her neke cut open with a rassor. My Dad says that Im silly. But I cant help it. But that is why I do not like to see murder films.' There can be no doubt that these documents stand for hundreds of thousands of children, whatever the commercial film interests may say. No State, in particular the so-called Social Service State, can afford to be blind to what happens to the souls of its future citizens.

With regard to the Children's Film Clubs, the great preparatory school in which British film audiences are initiated and conditioned for the film habit, I can be brief. I again take the liberty of referring to *Sociology of Film* where, in a chapter entitled 'Impressions and Reflections on Children's Cinema Clubs', the necessary critical remarks have been made. I note with some satisfaction that Lord Aberdare has come now—a little more than three years after I published my findings in *The Times*—to the same conclusions. For Lord Aberdare, according to the *Daily Mail* recently, now objects also to the serials, though they are the highlights of the Children's Cinema Clubs. His Lordship writes: 'The objection is based on the fact that they excite children too much. Episodes end on exciting notes, with the result that the minds of the children who see them are fixed on this excitement throughout the week . . .' The observers whom Lord Aberdare employed have also concluded 'that there is no club atmosphere.' This was exactly my contention in 1945. I am delighted to see that my observations have now been verified on a much greater scale than I was able to conduct my investigations.

To sum up: it seems to me that a thorough reform of our censorial system, and of the regulations for the admission of children to the cinema, is one of the paramount duties of Parliament. At the same time, sociological film appreciation should immediately become a permanent feature of primary, secondary, adult and university education. In addition, local authorities should use existing powers to check the showing of educationally objectionable films, even before new legislation has been passed. And last, but not least: the Government should insist that the funds of the Film Finance Corporation are used for making films of the *Scott of the Antarctic* type and not films like *No Orchids for Miss Blandish*.

No State can remain healthy if its prospective citizens are conditioned to become passive spectators, as the example of the late Roman Empire teaches us. At present the majority of films distort life, but the cinema—as in coming years television—can lead the young citizen to a deeper appreciation of beauty and to a full awareness of the richness of his own life and of his people.



A masterpiece from the steppes of Russia

MALRAUX AND THE 'PSYCHOLOGY OF ART'

HERBERT READ

ANDRÉ MALRAUX is familiar to us as one of the four or five significant novelists of our time. Readers of his articles on T. E. Lawrence in this *Review* have also seen him as an interpreter of one of the symbolic figures of our time. We know, too, about his political career in France. There was little or nothing in these various manifestations of his talent to prepare us for his new rôle, which is that of a philosopher of art. He calls his new book *Essays on the Psychology of Art* (on the half-title) or simply (on the title-page) *The Psychology of Art*[1]—the kind of inconsistency that infuriates librarians and cataloguers. Each volume has a sub-title, more conspicuous than the main title. Volume I is called 'Museum Without Walls'; volume II, 'The Creative Act'. There is a certain amount of analysis in the second volume, which might pass for psychology, but none in the first volume, which is mainly historical. Mr. Malraux makes no attempt at all to be systematic, and those who, deceived by the title, go to his book for definitions and classifications, will be disappointed. But if they come to his book with an open mind, they will be delighted; much more—they will come away with a much deeper appreciation of the meaning and value of art than they could have got from any academic treatise. That is why I call Mr. Malraux a philosopher of art,

[1] Translated by Stuart Gilbert. *Zwemmer*. 6 gns.

though even that term is too formal. I think it was Spengler who once said that the literary art-form of the future would be criticism. That, at any rate, describes Malraux's new book. It is as 'creative' as any novel he has written; at the same time it is informed by a philosophy which takes all the complex phenomena of art and subjects them to a synoptic vision, so that we not merely trace their inter-relations, but arrive at a comparative judgment of their worth.

It would perhaps be best to make clear first what I mean (or what Spengler meant) by calling such a book 'creative'. It is partly a question of style; partly one of conception. The original text is, of course, written in French, and I know that tributes have been paid to the beauty of the writing. So accurate and sensitive is Mr. Stuart Gilbert's translation that this quality comes through. Take, for example, this brief description of the mosaic *Virgin* that dominates the cupola at Torcello:

'The whole significance of Byzantine art is incarnate in this last-named figure, standing aloof in the recess of the dark cupola so that none may intrude on its colloquy with fate. Under the Virgin are aligned the saints and prophets; still lower, we see the crowd of mundane worshippers in prayer. On high, looms that immemorial Eastern night, which turns the firmament into a phantasmagoria of wandering stars, and the earth into as vain a sight as the shadow of armies battling with the void; unless this passing show be mirrored on the meditative visage of a god.'

France is peculiarly rich in the literature of art—in art criticism that is literature—Fromentin, Baudelaire, Elie Faure (we too have Ruskin and Pater), and there is no doubt that Malraux has added another work to this category. But whatever may be his comparative merits in this literary sense, it is certain that the conception of this book is on a scale never before attempted. Of course, there have been histories of art that claimed to be universal but, being industrious compilations, they usually omitted what a philosopher of art would find most significant—that art of stained glass, for example, which Malraux restores to its true place—'a form of expression whose specificity no artist can fail to recognise if he compares it with other plastic expressions of Romanesque art such as the fresco or mosaic.' 'It exists in its own right and speaks a language which has analogies with the lyricism of the painted picture, from Van Gogh to Rouault.' What distinguished Malraux's survey is not only its completeness (his knowledge of Oriental art, for example, is just as detailed and 'first-hand' as his knowledge of modern French painting or Gothic sculpture); his rare virtue lies in the ability with which he arranges his masterpieces in a significant order. He calls his first volume 'Museum Without Walls' because, as he explains, we now have the means of assembling an imaginary museum which is not confined, as are our official museums, to an arbitrary collection of mobile objects (with post-mediæval paintings in deceptive profusion), but can, thanks to modern photography and other *aides-mémoire*, range over the whole universe of art. The objects in this imaginary museum must, of course, be selected in the right frame of mind, for 'the practice of pitting works of art against each other, an intellectual activity, is at the opposite pole from the mood of mental relaxation which alone makes contemplation possible.' Then a complete revaluation of all art values becomes imperative, and our Museum without Walls becomes very different from any museum we have hitherto known. What, in effect, would it contain? Mr. Malraux answers:

'Obviously, to begin with, all modern art; then the arts of Egypt, the Euphrates, Persia, Byzantium; early Christian art; the art of negro and related cultures; primitive arts . . . ; pre-Columbian and pre-historic arts; the art of the Steppes; the drawings on Greek vases; Romanesque frescoes; the sculpture of the great periods of the East-Chinese, Japanese, and Indian—this last linked up with its "colonial" manifestations in Java and Indo-China.

'Lastly, after the re-discoveries associated with the triumph of Manet and his followers, the Pietas of Villeneuve and Nouhans, El Greco, Georges de Latour, Uccello, Masaccio, Piero della Francesca, Le Nain, Vermeer, Chardin, and Daumier, have been either hailed as revelations or promoted to the front rank.

'There has been a parallel retrograde movement; all vital influence has left Hellenistic and Roman art, the Italian eclectics, the Bologna school (for Stendhal, art's highwater-mark), Van Dyck's English progeny, and nineteenth-century academicism. While the lessons of Giotto and Greco are more fertile than ever, those of Raphael have ceased to count. And even Raphael himself . . . one wonders!

'All these illustrious dead have a family likeness.'

On these lines we are each at liberty to arrange our own museum without Walls, and mine would be a little different from Malraux's. I should find more room for architecture (why should it be excluded in such an imaginary structure?) and for peasant art (so often the clue to a civilisation). I should dare to put Leonardo's name where Mr. Malraux has put Raphael's, and I should find a prominent niche for Blake. Mr. Malraux does not mention or include Etruscan art—a strange omission. There is no Celtic or Viking art, and (naturally!) very little Teutonic (I don't want Dürer or Holbein, but I do want Cranach and Mathias Grünewald). There is also a certain lack of gaiety in Mr. Malraux's Museum—I should find a place for Austrian rococo, and even for Tiepolo and Watteau. But however much the details might differ, the main outlines would be similar and the deductions identical.

Apart from this general revision of academic valuations, Mr. Malraux has two or three themes to which he keeps reverting. One is the striking fact, so obvious in such a comprehensive picture of the world's art, that 'only the West has ever thought that to be "life-like" is of prime importance in art.' Even in its widest sense, as realism, such fidelity to appearance is always a blind reaction to some positive form of idealism—'realism, in so far as it stakes a claim on "reality", claims as its province that chaotic outside world which it is art's function to reduce; there is thus no absolute system of realism, there are only realistic modes of deflecting idealistic styles. Time and again—at the eclipse of Rome, of Gothic, of the great Chinese period, of Romanticism—realism seemed to offer a great style *in extremis* a last recourse against death.' What the artist imitates—and his bold affirmation of this truth is perhaps Malraux's original contribution to the 'psychology' of art—is the work of art. 'Every artist's career begins with the pastiche . . . The fact that it is not some supremely beautiful face which launches the painter on his career, but the sight of a supremely beautiful painting, does not lessen the emotion this experience gives him; and like all deep emotion, the emotion which springs from art has a craving to perpetuate itself. Imitation, fervently practised, is a familiar method of magic, and a painter needs but recall his first paintings, or a poet his first poems, to realise that they served him as a means of participation, not in the world of men, but in that of art, and that what he desired was neither a plunge into the outside world nor an escape from it, hardly even to express himself, but to 'possess' the artists and feel himself one with them. Thus the pastiche is a gesture of fraternity.'

The painter builds up his personality on the debris of these early imitations—some of the best pages in Mr. Malraux's book are devoted to a detailed demonstration of this truth in the evolution of El Greco's style. (Style, incidentally, is defined as 'a means of re-fashioning the world in terms of the values of him who invents it.' And by 'a means' is meant, above all, the *technical* means. Always the notion of 'mastery' is involved—mastery of materials, mastery of images, mastery of dreams.) The evolution of El Greco's style has been traced before, of course, but never so profitably as in the dozen pages devoted to it towards the end of

this book. The conclusion of this passage is magnificent:

'Whereas the only concern of his fellow-artists in Venice had been to widen their art, Greco's sole interest lay in deepening his. In the loneliness which had closed in round the walls, covered with Moorish jasmine, of his sun-baked garden, he no longer painted anything (apart from those wonderful portraits which ensured his livelihood, and those of members of his family) save what he could not see: New Testament characters, saints and prophets. A little armour, some garments, the blazing bouquets of his *Annunciations*, and, over all, that granite sky . . . He stood in far less need of the outside world than of some of his own canvases, which he kept beside him, so as to fight them down . . . His art closed with a *Visitation* which contains no faces. Even had the world been plunged into darkness, his painting would not have heeded it.'

It is this self-absorption in his craft, in the emotions that arise out of the practice of his craft, that separates the artist from the man-in-the-street. 'An artist is not necessarily more sensitive than an art-lover, and is often less so than a young girl; but his sensibility is of a different order . . . Just as a musician loves music and not nightingales, and a poet loves poetry and not sunsets, a painter is not primarily a man who responds to figures and landscapes. He is primarily one who loves pictures.' The man-in-the-street sees in art a means of recording life's poignant moments, but to the artist these same moments are something to be transformed, reduced to the elements of his style. And that is why the man-in-the-street feels cheated, especially by modern art. His way of seeing is at once 'synthetic and incoherent, like memory . . . it only achieves focus when directed towards some act. The painter's vision achieves precision in the same way; only for him, that act is painting.'

It is tempting to go on quoting from Mr. Malraux's book—the style is so aphoristic, the aphorisms so brilliant and detachable. But I must save my concluding paragraph for an emphasis on the humanism which animates the whole theme of this fine book (fine in more than one sense, for I have said nothing about its superb illustrations, selected with great intelligence). Humanism is, of course, a suspect word in these days of weary resignation, but it would not be disowned by the author of *La Condition Humaine*. Indeed, he openly uses it in this present book. He says that it is 'art's very nature to seek to "possess" space, time, and the possible, and to achieve this end by wresting them from the world man *undergoes*, and including them in the world he *dominates*. All art is a struggle against destiny, against man's awareness of all those forces outside himself that are indifferent to him, or hostile; death and the tyrant earth.' That is the humanistic attitude in life, and to make his own position quite clear, Malraux says on his last page:

'Humanism does not consist in saying, "No animal could have done what I have done", but rather in declaring: "I have refused to do what the beast within me wished to do, and have become a man without aid from the gods." True, for a believer, this long debate of metamorphoses and rediscoveries is but an echo of one of the many voices of his God; yet surely there is beauty in the thought that this thinking animal who knows that he must die, when contemplating the far, disdainful splendour of the nebulae, can wrest from them the music of the spheres and broadcast it across the years to come, bestowing on them messages yet unknown. In that house of shadows where Rembrandt still plies his brush, all the illustrious Shades, from the artist of the caverns onwards, follow each movement of the groping hand that is drafting for them a new lease of survival—or of sleep.

'And that hand, whose waverings in the gloom are watched by ages immemorial, is vibrant with one of the loftiest of the secret yet compelling forms which testify to the might and honour of being a man.

'It is only from the living and immortal forms of art that such a courageous creed can be derived.'

MY FRIEND STANLEY

HENRY MILLER

It all began the day after I saw him coming down 'the street of early sorrows', seated atop the hearse beside the driver. (After his uncle's death, Stanley's aunt had married an undertaker, a Pole again. Stanley always had to accompany him on the burial expeditions.)

I was in the middle of the street, playing cat, when the funeral procession came along. I was certain it was Stanley who had waved to me, yet I could not believe my eyes. Had it not been a funeral procession, I would have trotted alongside the vehicle and exchanged greetings. As it was, I stood rooted to the spot, watching the *cortège* slowly disappear round the corner.

It was the first time I had seen Stanley in six years. It made an impression on me. The following day I sat down and wrote him a letter—to the old address.

Stanley now brought out that first letter—and all the others which had followed. I was ashamed to tell him that I had long since lost his. But I could still remember the flavour of them, all written on long sheets of yellow paper, in pencil, with a flourishing hand. The hand of an autocrat. I recalled the perennial salutation he employed: 'My charming fellow!' This to a boy in short pants! They were letters, speaking of the style, such as Théophile Gautier might have written to an unknown sycophant. They were doped with literary borrowings. But they put me in a fever, always.

What my own letters were like, I had never once thought of. They belonged to a distant past, a forgotten past. Now I held them in my hand, and my hand trembled as I read. So this was me in my teens? What a pity no one had made a movie of us then! Droll figures we were. Little jackanapes, bantams, cocks-o'-the-walk. Discussing such ponderous things as death and eternity, reincarnation, metempsychosis, libertinism, suicide. Pretending that the books we read were nothing to the ones we would write ourselves one day. Talking of life as if we had experienced it to the core.

But even in these pretentious exercises of youth I detected, to my amazement, the seeds of an imaginative faculty which was to ripen with time. Even in these fly-blown missives there were those abrupt breaks and rushes which indicated the presence of hidden fires, of unsuspected conflicts. I was moved to observe that, even at this period, I could lose myself, I who was hardly aware that I had a self. Stanley, I recalled, never lost himself. He had a style and in it he was fixed, as if constricted by a corset. I remember that at that period I thought of him as being so much more mature, so much more sophisticated. He would be the brilliant writer; I would be the plodding ink-slinger. As a Pole, he had an illustrious heritage; I was merely an American, with an ancestry

which was vague and dubious. Stanley wrote as if he had stepped off the boat only the day before. I wrote as if I had just learned to use the language, my real language being the language of the street, which was no language at all. Back of Stanley I always visualised a line of warriors, diplomats, poets, musicians. Myself, I had no ancestry whatever. I had to invent one.

CURIOUS, but any feelings of lineage or of ephemeral connections with the past which might arise in me were usually evoked by one of three curiously disparate phenomena: one, narrow, olden streets with miniature houses; two, certain unreal types of human beings, generally dreamers or fanatics; three, photographs of Tibet, of the Tibetan landscape particularly. I could be disoriented in a jiffy, and was then marvellously at home, at one with the world and with myself. Only in such rare moments did I know or pretend to understand myself. My connections were, so to speak, with man and not with men. Only when I was shunted back to the grand trunk-line did I become aware of my real rhythm, my real being. Individuality expressed itself for me as a life with roots. Efflorescence meant culture—in short, the world of cyclical development. In my eyes the great figures were always identified with the trunk of the tree, not with the boughs and leaves. And the great figures were capable of losing their identity easily: they were all variations of the one man, Adam Cadmus, or whatever he be called. My lineage stemmed from him, not from my ancestors. When I became aware I was superconscious, I could make the leap back at one bound.

Stanley, like all chauvinists, traced his arboreal descent only to the beginnings of the Polish nation, that is to say, to the Pripet marshes. There he lay bogged, like a weasel. His antennae reached only to the frontiers which were limitrophe to Poland. He never became an American, in the true sense. For him America was merely a condition or state of trance which permitted him to transmit his Polish genes to his heredity. Any differentiations from the norm, that is, from the Polish type, were to be attributed to the rigours of adjustment and adaptation. Whatever was American in him was merely an alloy which would be dissolved in the generation that was to spring from his loins.

Preoccupations of this sort Stanley never divulged overtly, but they were there and they manifested themselves in the form of insinuations. The emphasis he gave to a word or phrase always provided the clue to his real feelings. He was thoroughly antipathetic to the new world in which he found himself. He made only enough effort to keep alive. He went through the motions, as we say—nothing more. Though his experience of life was purely negative, it was none the less potent. It was a matter of charging the battery: his children would make the necessary connections with life. Through them the racial energy of the Poles, their dreams, their longings, their aspirations, would be revived. Stanley was content to inhabit an in-between world.

All this admitted, it was nevertheless a luxury for me to bathe in the effluvium of the Polish spirit. Polonesia, I called it. An inland sea, like the Caspian, surrounded by the steppes. Over the troubled, stagnant waters, over treacherous shoals and invisible sources, flew huge migratory birds, heralds of past and future—of a Polish past and future. All that surrounded this sea was inimical and poisonous. From the language alone came the much-needed sustenance.

REFLECTIONS of this order always rose to the surface when I would leave the house to stretch my legs. A short distance from Stanley's home lay a world akin in many respects to the one I had known as a child. Through it ran a canal black as ink, whose stagnant waters stank like ten thousand dead horses. But all about the canal were winding lanes, eddying streets, still paved with cobble stones, the worn sidewalks flanked by diminutive shanties cluttered with shutters dislocated from their hinges, creating the impression, from a distance, of being enormous Hebrew letters. Furniture, bric-à-brac,

utensils, implements and materials of all kinds littered the streets. *The fringe of the societal world.*

Each time I approached the confines of this Lilliputian world, I changed back to a boy of ten. My senses became more acute, my memory more alive, my hunger more sharp. I could hold conversation with the self which I once was, and with the self I had become. Who *I* was that walked and sniffed and explored, I know not. An interlocutory I, doubtless. An I suborned by a superior court of justice.

In this supraliminal arena Stanley always figured tenderly. He was the invisible comrade to whom I imparted those larval thoughts which elude speech. Immigrant, orphan, derelict—of these three ingredients he was composed. We understood one another because we were complete opposites. What he envied, I gave him regally; what I craved, he fed me from his carrion beak. We swam like Siamese fish on the glaucous surface of the lake of childhood. We knew not our Protector. We rejoiced in our imagined freedom.

WHAT intrigued me as a child, what intrigues me to this day, is the glory and the wonder of ecolism. There are balmy days in childhood when, perhaps because of the great retardation of time, one steps outdoors into a world which is dozing. It is not the world of humans, nor is it the world of nature which is drowsing—it is the inanimate world of stones, minerals, objects. The inanimate world in bud . . . With the slow-motion eyes of childhood one watches breathlessly as this latent realm of life slowly reveals its pulse beat. One becomes aware of the existence of those invisible rays which emanate perpetually from the most remote parts of the cosmos and which radiate from the microcosm as well as from the macrocosm. 'As above, so below.' *Soit.* In the twinkle of an eye, one is divorced from the illusory world of material reality; with every step one places himself anew at the *carrefour* of these concentric radiations which are the true substance of an all-encompassing and all-pervading reality. Death has no meaning. All is change, vibration, creation, and re-creation. The song of the world, registered in every particle of that specious substance called matter, issues forth in an ineffable harmony which filters through the senses and awakens the angelic being lying dormant in the shell of the physical creature called man. Once the angel assumes dominion, the physical being flowers. Throughout all realms a quiet, persistent blossoming takes place.

Why is it that angels, whom we foolishly associate with the vast interstellar spaces, love everything which is *mignon*?

AS soon as I reach the banks of the canal, where my world in miniature lies waiting, the angel takes over. I no longer scrutinise the world—the world is inside me. I see it as clearly with eyes closed as with eyes wide open. Enchantment, not sorcery. Surrender, and the bliss which accompanies surrender. What was dilapidation, decay, sordidness, is transmuted. The microscopic eye of the angel sees the infinite parts which compose the divine whole; the telescopic eye of the angel sees nothing but totality, which is perfect. In the wake of the angel there are only universes to behold—size means nothing.

When man, with his pitiful sense of relativity, looks through the telescope and marvels at the immensity of creation, he means to confess that he has succeeded in reducing the limitless to the limited. He acquires, as it were, an optic lease on the boundless grandeur of a creation which is unfathomable to him. What matter if he succeed in putting a thousand universes within the focus of his microscopic telescope? The process of enlargement merely enhances the sense of the miniature. But man feels more at home in his little universe, or pretends he does, when he has uncovered what lies beyond its bounds. The thought that his universe may be no bigger than a tiny blood corpuscle entrances him, lulls his desperate anguish. But the use of the artificial eye, no matter to what monstrous proportions it be magnified, never brings him

joy. The greater his physical vision, the more awed he becomes. He understands, though he refuses to believe, that with this eye he will never penetrate, still less partake of, the mystery of creation. To re-enter the mysterious world from which he sprang, he realises, in a vague, dim way, that other eyes are needed.

It is with the angelic eye that man beholds the world of his true substance.

THESE miniature realms, where all is sunken, muted and transformed, emerge as often as not in books. A page of Hamsun frequently yielded the same mysterious harmonies of enchantment as a walk by the canal. Suddenly one is alone with the street which the author has described. For a brief moment one experiences the same sort of vertigo as when the motorman deserts his post with the trolley in full flight. After that it is pure *volupté*. Surrender again. Surrender to the spell which has rendered the author superfluous. Immediately one's rhythm is retarded. One lingers before the verbal structures which palpitate like living houses. One knows that someone never encountered before, and never to be encountered again, will emerge and take possession of one. It may be a personage as innocuous as Sophie. It may be a question of large, white goose eggs which will dominate the whole passage. No matter. All will transpire according to the laws governing the cosmic fluid in which the events and situations are now bathed. The dialogue may become pure nonsense, astral in its implications. The author has made it clear that he is absent. The reader is face to face with an angelic sport. He will live this scene, this protracted moment, over and over again, and with a sharpened sense of reality verging on the hallucinatory. Only a little street—perhaps not a block long. Diminutive gardens tended by trolls. Perpetual sunshine. And remembered music, toned down to blend with the hum of insects and the rustle of leaves. Joy, joy, joy. The intimate presence of flowers, of birds, of stones which have preserved the record of similar magical days.

I think of Hamsun because it was with Stanley that I so often shared these extraordinary experiences. Our grotesque life in the street, as boys, had prepared us for these mysterious encounters. In some unknown way we had undergone the proper initiation. We were, without knowing it, members of that traditional underground which vomits forth at suitable intervals those writers who will later be called Romantics, mystics, visionaries or diabolists. It was for such as us—then mere embryonic beings—that certain 'outlandish' passages were written. It is we who keep alive these books which are constantly threatening to fall back into oblivion. We lie in wait, like beasts of prey, for moments of reality which will not only match but confirm and corroborate these literary extravaganzas. We grow like corkscrews; we become lop-sided; we squint and stammer in a vain endeavour to fit our world into the existent one. In us the angel sleeps lightly, ready at the slightest tremor to assume command. Only solitary vigils restore us. Only when we are cruelly separated do we really communicate with each other.

OFTEN it is in dreams that we communicate . . . I am on a familiar street searching for a particular house. The moment I set foot in this street, my heart beats wildly. Though I have never seen the street, it is more familiar to me, more intimate, more significant, than any street I have known. It is the street by which I return to the past. Every house, every porch, every gate, every lawn, every stone, stick, twig or leaf, speaks eloquently. The sense of recognition, compounded of myriad layers of memory, is so powerful that I am almost dissolved.

The street has no beginning or end: it is a detached segment swimming in a fuzzy aura and complete in itself. A vibrant portion of the infinite whole. Though there is never any activity in this street, it is not empty or deserted. Indeed, it is the most alive street I can think of. It is alive with memories, like an arcane grove which pullulates with its swarms of invisible hosts. I can't say that I *walk* down this street, nor

can I say either that I *glide* through it. The street invests me. I am devoured by it. Perhaps only in the insect world are there sensations to match this harrowing form of bliss. To eat is wonderful, but to be eaten is a treat beyond description. Perhaps it is another, more extravagant, kind of union with the external world. An inverted sort of communion.

The end of this ritual is always the same. Suddenly I am aware that Stanley is waiting for me. He stands not at the end of the street, for there is no end . . . he stands at that fuzzy edge where light and substance fuse. His summons is always curt and brusque: 'Come on, let's go!' Immediately I adapt my pace to his. *Forward march!* The beloved street wheels softly around, like a turn-table operated by an unseen switchman, and, as we reach the corner, it joins neatly and inexorably with the intersecting streets which form the pattern of our childhood precincts. From here on, it is an exploration of the past, but a different past from that of the memorial street. This past is an active one, cluttered with souvenirs, but souvenirs only skin deep. The other past, so profound, so fluid, so sparkling, made no separation between itself, present and future. It was timeless, and if I speak of it as a past, it is only to suggest a return which is not really a return but a restoration. The fish swimming back to the source of its own being.

When the inaudible music begins, one knows for a certainty that he is alive.

Stanley's part in the second half of the dream is to rekindle the flame. I will take leave of him when he has set all the mnemonic filaments a-quiver. This function, which he performs with instinctive adroitness, might be likened to the quivering oscillations of a compass needle. He holds me to the path, a tortuous, zigzag path, but saturated with reminiscences. We buzz from flower to flower, like bees. When we have extracted our fill of nectar, we return to the honey-comb. At the entrance I take leave of him, plunging into the very hub of transformation. My ears resound with the oceanic hum. All memory is stifled. I am deep in the labyrinthine shell, as secure and alive as a particle of energy adrift in the stellar sea of light. This is the deep sleep which restores the soul. When I awake, I am new-born. The day stretches before me like a velvet meadow. I have no recollection of anything. I am a freshly-minted coin, ready to fall into the palm of the first-comer.

It is on such a day that I am apt to make one of those haphazard encounters which will alter the course of my life. The stranger coming towards me greets me like an old friend. We have merely to exchange a few words and the intimate stenographic language of ancient brothers replaces the current jargon. Communication is cryptic and seraphic, accomplished with the ease and rapidity of born deaf-mutes. For me it has only one purport—to bring about a reorientation. Altering the course of my life, as I put it before, means simply—*correcting my sidereal position.* The stranger, fresh from the other world, tips me off. Given my true bearings, I cut a fresh swath through the chartered realms of destiny. Just as the dream street swung softly into position, so I now wheel into vital alignment. The panorama against which I move is awesome and majestic. A landscape truly Tibetan beckons me onward. I know not whether it is a creation of the inner eye or some cataclysmic disturbance of the outer reality attuning itself to the profound reorientation I have just made. I know only that I am more solitary than ever. Everything that occurs now will have the quality of shock and discovery. I am not alone. *I am in the midst of other solitaries.* And each and every one of us speaks his own unique language! It is like the coming together of distant gods, each one wrapped in the aura of his own incomprehensible world. It is the first day of the week in the new cycle of consciousness. A cycle, need I say, which may last a week or a lifetime.

En avant, je me dis. Allons-y! Nous sommes là.

LA MUSICA

TOM CLARKSON

BEHIND us the fragile spotlight of the sun was still slowly waltzing over the golden towers of Avila, but in front great bunches of grape-coloured cloud were nudging up in the distance beyond the shaking snout of the old ramshackle bus, carrying us jerkily towards the mist-bearded peaks of the Sierra De Gredos.

There was going to be a storm—*La Tormenta*, as it is called in Spanish.

As the complacent driver negotiated the turns in the stony, climbing road, we glanced down a bit apprehensively to the Castillian Campo dropping farther and farther away beneath us.

The tiny plumes of the poplars were like exclamation marks punctuating the great spread page of the plain, written on with rock and scrub and occasional squares and circles of thinly cultivated fields.

Eventually the whole sky was suffused with a noon-tide darkness, apoplectic and angry, beginning to growl . . .

Pink lightning, as quick and delicate as the wing of a flamingo, fanned up against the purple . . . Sudden great bombs of thunder exploded directly above, rattling their invisible shrapnel all around us . . . And then the artillery of the rain!

Soon the windows were covered with rippling curtains of water.

The other occupants of the bus were mostly peasants; black-clad women, and men in black corduroys and small berets, the latter, in spite of the printed admonitions against smoking, from time to time flicking their *mechas*—primitive lighters, comprising a flint-wheel and a long tail of wick, used without petrol. But the women never smoke; hence their expressions of mocking astonishment at Margaret of our party, who was continually asking for a light.

Facing her, a handsome man like a dark bull, with short nose, square teeth, and glistening eyes rimmed with sooty lashes, watched her incessantly, but whether he was shocked or fascinated, it was impossible to tell. Perhaps he was merely inquisitive, for in these parts everybody stares, not rudely, generally quite impersonally, as if a foreigner were some peculiar object.

At one point a young man stopped the bus, but it was not going in his direction; it was just possible to glimpse him dropping behind, his bare legs, below an old brown blanket, whipped by the elements to rose-fire, his brilliant grin shining through a dazzle of raindrops.

After about an hour we stopped again at a village, where the bus was boarded by five people.

A middle-aged, humorous-faced man, a short, stout woman, a boy about ten, a girl perhaps two years older, and finally a young man in his twenties, whose otherwise undistinguished good looks were enhanced by long Valentino-ish side-whiskers.

The woman sat opposite me.

She had coarse, semi-blonde hair, parted in the middle and worn in a frizzy bush at the back, brushing her high plump shoulders. Her skin was a clear sallow, unmade-up and scrubbed-looking; she had several chins pressed back over a large square-cut bosom, and the nails of her small beautiful hands

showed chipped pink varnish. One of her green eyes had a drooping lid.

The little boy was pale, lemon-blonde and sullen-looking. The girl, her brown hair arranged in Egyptian ringlets on her forehead, her long arms like sticks crossed over her knees, carried a hair-thin frown between her eyebrows, distressing in one so young.

The bull-like man spoke to her, but she did not answer.

They reminded me—the children particularly—of Picasso's blue period—those half-starved beautiful young acrobats.

And surely that was what they were!

The woman was carrying an old-fashioned jazzy cardboard hat-box, obviously theatrical, and the young man had insisted on bringing inside a large guitar-case.

Yes, their exoticism could only be accounted for by their being strolling players, *flamencos*, maybe.

How I wished I could have seen them act . . .

After another hour's bumping over the ruts and stones, we arrived at our destination, the village of Navarredonda, eight thousand feet up in the Sierras.

And the troopers got out with us.

FALLING MASK

A drawing by FREDERICO GARCIA LORCA

The next day the rain had ceased, and the sun occasionally slid through the clouds.

From the bedroom window of the farmhouse, where we had obtained lodgings, I could see, past a tangle of white frothy creeper, the craggy tops of the mountains, and, ascending a hill in the middle-distance, the slanting stone crosses of a Calvary.

The water-music of the cattle-bells flowed all around.

The village itself comprised about a hundred dwellings, the little lanes connecting them twisting down, like stony river-beds, to a main street of mud and puddles,

where a general store and a *farmacia* served the simple wants of the inhabitants.

There was also a Church—and two wine bars. It was at the larger of these, where we had gone to thaw out the damp with a mid-morning glass of fiery cognac—price fourpence!—that we saw the poster. The young man with the side-boards had just nailed it to the door, and was standing back to see if he had got it straight.

The flimsy orange rectangle, with its crude black lettering and blurred photogravure, announced a performance of *Del Gran Espectáculo De Opera Flamenca* to be given that night at eleven o'clock!

After a dinner of excellent tortilla, rough red wine, and not quite ripe peaches, we set off.

The recent rain had been the breaking of a drought, and as yet the electricity, which depended on the water supply, was very dim.

The wobbly lanes were almost in total darkness. All about us there was the whispering of sandals, and occasional invisible solidities bumped our elbows, as what seemed like the entire village made its way to *La Música*.

The price of admission was one peseta—the equivalent of about tuppence. The young man, scrubbed and polished, his overalls changed for a square-shouldered suit of navy blue, was selling the tickets.

We found ourselves in a medium-sized, stone-floored room at the back of the bar. At one end a plank stage had been improvised, and in the corner a nailed-up yellow counterpane served as a screen for the artists.

The place seemed full already, but still the audience of all ages came pouring in.

A hubbub of chatter and laughter echoed off the low ceiling. The one naked light-bulb over the stage glimmered through a blue mist.

Suddenly a jangle of music rayed out from what I had thought at first to be an enormous antique wardrobe, but what was evidently the original juke-box, and soon couples, ourselves included, were whirling round and round in the space, if one could term it such, behind the last row of benches.

It was nearly midnight when the humorous-faced man, El Huervano, emerged from the counterpane and hissed for attention.

There was a scramble for places like the end of musical-chairs.

Seats had been reserved for us in the front row but, as we were mostly tall, we decided to sit farther back.

The young man mounted the stage, cradling his musical instrument, and 'the lament of the guitar' began.

The yellow curtain was held aside by an invisible hand, and the little girl, Paquita, entered.

Her dress was red, spotted with white, flounced and trailing; her delicate skin made even smoother and clearer by the make-up.

She began to dance: stately, but a little insecure. As she raised her arms, multi-coloured bracelets rattled back to the elbows. Moving up and down the front of the platform with shaky, loping strides under the long skirt, her small voice, as she sang, was sweet and harsh with nerves.

Suddenly the little boy, Ramonín, appeared.

He wore a sombrero and high-heeled red boots, and stamped!

Two straight lines of mascara had been drawn across his brows. His slender, undeveloped thighs held the stiff traditional pauses with the aplomb of an experienced dancer. Serenading the little girl, his voice was strained to a high-pitched metallic note, imitating an adult masculine desire, contrasting bizarrely with his sexless youth. As he danced, he raised the sombrero up and down, concluding with a sudden roll of his eyes at a woman in the audience, calling forth a crescendo of laughter and applause, which he acknowledged with that slightly scornful smile and bow of the *grande artiste*.

Flung coins struck the boards. Clapping was like the report of rifles.

El Huervano, the *excéntrico*, came on to tell a long funny story; then it was the turn of *la maxima figura del Canto Flamenco*, *La Huervana*, herself!

Another chair was placed next to that of

the guitarist, and the singer came forward.

She seemed twice the size of the dumpy figure in the bus, her face and chins smoothed with white powder, heavy mascara dramatising the drooping eyelid. Her damped hair shone greenish under the electric bulb, which almost touched it. Two red-and-white paper carnations were fixed behind one ear. Her dress was iron-shiny black satin, a big mother-of-pearl daisy rising and falling at one corner of the low, square-cut bodice.

Gripping the back of the chair, she leaned forward a little and announced her first song.

Anticipatory approval, cut across by the sharp trill of the guitar. She tapped the young man's shoulder slightly to make a sympathetic contact. The taking-off point for the voice was arrived at three times, like someone striking a refractory match . . . then, head pressed back into chins, mouth so wide one could see the purple arch of the tongue, a thin silver wail expanded into the smoke-hung air.

It is almost impossible to describe the potency of *flamenco* singing. It depends greatly on improvisation. The whole being is concentrated inwards, so that the voice issues as from a trance. It can scream like a triumphant trumpet, or cry like a being in pain, or in love. It says all things, but never gently. There is nothing gentle about Spain, except the manners. The sound seems to rise from the very entrails, is forced across the larynx with so fierce a restraint as, by the end, to have exhausted the singer. Its enemies might call it the singing of a cat. But if your ear is attuned to its subtle semi-tones and dissonances, it will be beautiful for you; you will become a devotee.

La Huervana hypnotised us.

During some difficult passage, the little boy would encourage, from behind the counterpane, with a frenzied invocation of *Oles!*

Often she referred to some local character, raising a wave of laughter. Sometimes in the middle of a phrase she hissed for silence, or smiled without moving her eyes.

At the end, as the song expired, or terminated abruptly, she acknowledged the applause with trembling nods, withdrew her body as if it were deflated, vanished behind the curtain.

During the interval there was a lottery for a bottle of cognac and two cigars.

The remaining tickets were auctioned for a few pesetas. I bought a strip, and distributed them among the crowd.

The prize was won by a drab woman in front of me. I was glad, because she was the only depressed-looking person in the room. Her sallow face became radiant with incredulity. She leapt to her feet, pointing to herself. The bottle was given into the custody of her old father, and the cigars presented to me.

When the performance began again, it was announced that La Huervana's next song would be dedicated to the lucky *caballero Inglés.*

She had changed the carnations to the other ear—a charming gesture, perhaps meaning nothing.

Coming to the edge of the platform, she stood as still as a monument and sang straight into my eyes.

It was a moving experience. I could not understand the words, so I invented them, making her tell me that I was welcome in Spain, that the people had accepted me and that I would come back.

When it was over, I handed up a little money, as is the custom, and, to make my thanks more personal, a medal of Santa Teresa I happened to have in my pocket.

Next morning we saw them before they left—just a rather tired husband and wife, and their two children. What was the guitarist? Cousin, friend, lover? We did not know, and it did not matter.

Ramonín, no longer alarmingly professional, had become an ordinary little boy playing with the village children.

I noticed my medal dangling from his neck.

He took a step forward and threw a stone into a tree.

AIR TRAVEL NOTES

THE CONQUEST OF THE AIR

SIR FREDERICK HANDLEY PAGE
C.B.E., HON. F.R.Ae.S.
Chairman and Managing Director of Handley Page Limited

In another four years the fiftieth anniversary of man's real conquest of the air will be celebrated. Yet, man had flown for many years before that. He had made outstanding flights in balloons. In one, the English Channel had been crossed as early as 1785. Gliding experiments had been made. But it was not until 1903 that the Wright brothers made the world's first controlled flight in a power-driven aeroplane.

At that time, I was eighteen years old and very interested in aviation. I had experimented with gliders and had studied the little which was known of the art of flying at that time. Some five years later, I formed my own Company, and in 1909 it was the first to be incorporated for the design and construction of aeroplanes.

The story of this concern, its difficulties and successes, is a cross-section of aeronautical development during the following forty years. As an integral part of national defence, we triumphed during two world wars; between them, we supplied a part of the limited world demand for aircraft.

In the military sphere, we led the way by producing the first big, multi-engined bomber. Before the end of the Great War, we had pioneered further and had designed and built great four-engined bombers able to attack Berlin from bases in Britain. It is the honour of few aircraft manufacturers to introduce a new category of aeroplane into service and to keep it in continuous operation with the national air forces without intermission. That, though, has been achieved with the large type of aircraft.

Our first big aeroplanes enabled us to pioneer Britain's overseas air routes immediately after the Great War. Handley Page Transport Ltd. opened the first passenger services from London to Paris, to Brussels and to Switzerland. Its operations were extended to Holland. Our organisation was the nucleus around which Imperial Airways was formed in 1924 and, from these beginnings, the British Overseas and European Airways Corporations have grown.

Imperial Airways had laid down a safety policy which required only multi-engined aircraft for its passenger services, and it was with a fleet of two- and three-engined Handley Page airliners that its European routes were developed. Vindicated by years of operational experience was our contention that successful airline operation demanded the large, multi-engined aircraft which we had designed and developed.

It was not until 1930, though, that the world's first real airliner was built. Our four-engined Hannibal-Heracles class was hailed as of daringly advanced design. Previously, no airliner so large, and offering such spacious, luxurious passenger cabins had been produced. They were the first to break entirely with the conception of an airliner as a modified military type, and to be designed primarily for the passenger. A fleet of eight went into Imperial Airways' service, and became the largest commercial airliners in regular operation in any part of the world. Some 12,000 hours were flown by each of them, and their total mileage was upwards of ten million on the European and Empire routes.

Now, after less than half a century of controlled flight, man's conquest of the air is epitomised in the aircraft which are flying today with speed and safety throughout the world. Our luxurious Hermes and versatile Hastings are indicative of this triumph. Both are modern, high-speed transports: the former for operation by B.O.A.C. on its Commonwealth routes, and the latter is in squadron service with the R.A.F.

He is a brave man who makes prognostications about the future of aviation. Its wide

scope is seen in a promise of atomic power, the application of rockets and jets as new propulsive media, and the increasing improvements in metals and fabricate materials. Such developments are a spur to even greater aeronautical effort in the half-century which is to come.

BRITISH JET TRANSPORT AIRCRAFT

HAROLD R. HARRIS

Vice-President and General Manager, American Overseas Airlines

THE 1949 showing by the Society of British Aircraft Constructors of the majority of the turbine-powered airliners in existence anywhere in the world was an important milestone in the progress of air transportation. This was the first public showing anywhere of a pure jet transport—the De Havilland Comet. The prop jet transport is not quite so new, the Vickers Viscount having been shown in 1948. In 1949 it was joined by three other prop jet transports, the Handley Page Hermes 5, the Armstrong Whitworth Apollo, and the Mamba Marathon.

What do these transport applications of prop jet and jet mean for the air transport industry, both manufacturers and operators? Is the existing world supremacy of American transport aircraft seriously threatened? What moves should be made by U.S. manufacturers and operators in view of the genuine advance already made in the jet field by British manufacturers and planned by British operators?

Let's look at the facts. Fact number one—there is a variety of advantages for transport purposes of turbine-powered aircraft. Fact number two—there is a number of disadvantages in the use of turbine-powered aircraft in transport operations. Fact number three—both pure jet and prop jet aircraft are not only flying in Great Britain as prototypes, but specific production aircraft for transport operations are being constructed in England. Fact number four—while a number of pure jet and prop jet aircraft designs have been studied by U.S. manufacturers, I believe no construction of any of these has been arranged and certainly no U.S. construction is sufficiently advanced to expect to see a U.S. transport of either type flying for many months, if not years. Fact number five—the development of aircraft since 1903 shows that if enough money and man-hours are spent on a particular aviation problem, an acceptable solution to the problem will be reached.

Some of the advantages of transport aircraft of turbine power, either pure jet or prop jet, are:

Increased speed of turbine aircraft is a great sales advantage.

Because there is no reciprocating motion, there is no vibration. This is much more important than many of us realise. A vibrationless ride for the crew, passengers and structure, and in the case of prop jets—the propellers—gives a new standard of comfort (including lack of fatigue) and safety.

Ease of power plant maintenance. The Ghost installation in the Comet requires a total of four man-hours to remove the engine and put a new one into the airframe, ready for operation.

Kerosene fuel, as generally used in turbine engines, has somewhat less fire hazard and may be cheaper than aviation fuel.

Lower maintenance man-hours for engine overhaul. It is estimated that the pure jet engine requires only twenty-five to thirty per cent of the maintenance required for the reciprocating engine.

WHEN we speak of problems, or disadvantages of turbine-powered transport aircraft, we find quite an imposing list.

High fuel consumption has a bad effect on the economies of payload and range. Undoubtedly fuel requirements will be reduced in the future with improvements in engine design.

It is well known that the turbines are most

efficient at 20,000 feet and higher. Probably a pure jet should not be contemplated for cruising at less than 35,000 to 40,000 feet. We have had a real struggle to get our present-day aeroplanes to operate well at 20,000 feet. At twice that altitude, sudden decompression would probably take the life of everyone aboard. It may be that safety will require the cabin separate and distinct from the fuselage, both the cabin and the fuselage being independently pressurised, so that, if one envelope loses its pressure for any reason, the net result on the persons aboard will be minimised.

Reports are available from military personnel that military jet operations at high altitudes have run into turbulence at great heights in clear air. A suitable method of gust alleviation will have to be developed for high-speed passenger flight. Perhaps the isolated cabin, previously mentioned, could be shock-mounted. In view of the gust problem, the turbine transport should have airborne radar to avoid turbulent areas in cloud.

On the ground the pure jet is difficult and expensive to taxi. The prop jet is less troubled by this problem, but either of them will probably best be moved on the ground by towing. Pure jets have relatively poor take-off thrust and necessitate long airport runways. This can be overcome by Jato[1] installations. The British Jet Assist is a built-in device which can be cut off at any time, so that one loading of the Jet Assist may suffice for several take-offs.

While jet aeroplanes are quiet in the cabin, the combination of turbine whine, plus tail pipe roar, is distinctly distressing to people on the ground.

The high speed and limited reserve fuel in turbine-powered aircraft mean that the ability to operate under no-visibility conditions must be even more promptly achieved than we have previously considered, and an enormous problem exists in assuring safe, straight-in approach to an airport from a great altitude and at a very high speed, regardless of other air traffic in the vicinity.

De-icing of turbine engines is a matter which is now of great concern. This problem has so far not had as much attention as is required. It needs careful consideration, since the whole success of the turbine development depends upon the ability to operate under any weather conditions.

The British have done a fine job on the various problems of turbine-powered aircraft, which we, ourselves, should have faced up to. There is no reason to believe that we could not today both duplicate and surpass the results that the British have achieved. The British view is that the existing turbine transports will not be in commercial service until 1952. This is a sensible target for them. Even then, many of the problems that I have touched upon will still require further work. There is no doubt in my mind that American operators, both civilian and military, should promptly combine with the American manufacturers to arrange for the design and construction of turbine-powered transport aircraft. It can be done in time to out-do the British, even with the head-start they have achieved, but we must get our U.S. programme under way without further delay.

FLYING IN A JET

JOHN STROUD

In 1939 passenger aeroplanes were cruising at about 160 m.p.h.; today many fly at 300 m.p.h. and, with the coming of jet-propulsion, within a few years air passengers will be flying regularly at speeds of 450–500 m.p.h.

It was in order to get a foretaste of passenger flight at these speeds that recently, through the courtesy of the Royal Air Force Advanced Flying School at Driffield in Yorkshire, I had a ride in a Gloster Meteor twin-jet monoplane.

Taxi-ing towards the end of the runway which had just been drenched by heavy rain, I saw three other Meteors taking off in formation, and as they cleared the aerodrome,

[1] JATO (Jet Assisted Take-Off) is the U.S. system similar to the British RATOG (Rocket Assisted Take-Off Gear). Both systems are used to give a great thrust for a short period during take-off, thereby reducing the take-off run.

we turned into position at the upwind end of the runway and asked permission to take-off.

The two Rolls Royce Derwent gas turbines were run up to full power, while the Meteor was held against the wheel brakes. The brakes were then released, and with quite a punch in the back, the aircraft leapt forward and accelerated down the runway. Jet-propelled aircraft take some time to pick up speed and this method reduces the take-off run, so this technique may have to be used for passenger transports. It is not uncomfortable.

Some way along the runway, the nose wheel is picked off the ground and this is shortly followed by the main wheels. There is then an impression of floating forward and up at high speed. This is probably caused by the lack of vibration and the rather pleasant low hum of the turbines.

Soon after passing the boundary of the aerodrome, the aircraft was pulled up into a climb, passing quickly and rather bumpily through some cloud, and pointed at a steep angle towards the deep blue of the sky. The hands of the altimeter wound round like the hands of a clock being re-set, and soon a feeling of cold told that we really were going up.

Four minutes after starting our take-off run, we levelled off at 20,000 feet over the Yorkshire coast, with soft yellow clouds floating a long way beneath us, each cloud throwing its mauve shadow on the countryside or on the shining surface of the North Sea. The climb to cruising height in a jet airliner may be made very fast, and although in the Meteor the angle of climb is steep, and the rate of climb fast, there was no discomfort and it was difficult to believe that we had gained a height of nearly four miles in such a short time.

At this height we flew around for some time at a speed of 470 m.p.h., but there was no feeling of movement, and it seemed as if we were suspended beneath a deep blue ceiling. While peacefully enjoying the scenery, I was rudely interrupted by a series of tight turns. The short stubby wing pointed at the ground and round we went in 3 g turns which were, to me, extremely uncomfortable—maybe one can get used to them but certainly they would not be used in passenger flying when turns must be of a wider radius or made at reduced speed for the comfort of the passengers.

I was anxious to fly fairly fast, so we came down to 1,500 feet in order to do this. To come down quickly, the dive brakes were extended and the nose was pointed steeply towards the earth. The rate of descent was about 10,000 feet a minute, but there was no feeling of rushing at the ground. When the dive brakes are extended there is a very noticeable deceleration and, when the brakes are retracted the aircraft leaps forward.

Down at 1,500 feet we began a high-speed run, quickly reaching a true speed of 530 m.p.h. and an indicated Mach[1] number of .74. The weather had deteriorated by this time; the air was very rough and the visibility poor. The ground, when visible, did seem to be going past quite quickly and, as we approached our highest speed, the rough air gave the impression that someone was fiercely shaking the aeroplane, producing a kind of continuous shuddering. There was a feeling that the air is rather solid when flown through at high speed.

On landing, the approach seems to be fast, with the runway rushing to meet you at about 160 m.p.h., although our approach may have appeared extra fast through being in a small aeroplane. The actual landing was very smooth, with the main wheels touching firmly together.

My main impressions were of the fantastic rate of climb, the general smoothness of the apparently effortless flight, and the solid feeling of the air when flying fast.

The jet passenger will have quiet and vibrationless flight. The high speed will not have any effect on his comfort, except in rough air, which will have to be avoided as much as possible and, when unavoidable, have to be flown through at reduced speed.

Already the de Havilland Comet airliner has flown the 590 miles from over the Shetland Isles to Hatfield in Hertfordshire in an hour.

[1] The Mach number indicator shows the speed of the aeroplane in relation to the speed of sound, Mach 1 being equal to the speed of sound.

A RETROSPECT

THE YEAR IN ART

EDITH HOFFMANN

Woman and Child in a Park, ***by August Macke, shown at the exhibition 'Expressionism from Van Gogh to Picasso', in Amsterdam***

THE year 1949 was an almost continuous feast for people who enjoy art exhibitions. In this country it will be remembered as the year which brought the Munich and Vienna pictures to London. Those who travel have seen the mediæval treasures from Germany, some of which could be studied first in Brussels, then in Amsterdam, and some at Berne. It is unlikely that any of these exhibitions will ever be repeated.

The travelling pictures have brought much pleasure and profit to these shores. Those from the Pinakothek, exhibited in Trafalgar Square, completed the National Gallery collection in the most wonderful way. There was something for every taste: fifteenth-century Italians, early Dutch and Flemish masters; Leonardo, Titians, Poussins and Claudes. There was Rubens in all his many-sidedness and unequalled splendour: the portrait painter, who could be so un-self-conscious, elegant, sensuous and dignified, all at the same time; Rubens, the master of 'The small Last Judgment', in which scenes of unbearable horror are relieved by the fascination of unlimited inventiveness and the beauty of the painterly touch; and the painter of landscapes where rustic peace is threatened by sombre skies.

A real surprise, even to experts, was offered by the German paintings which have never been well known in this country. Of the art treasures from Vienna, it was perhaps the series of Velazquez portraits of the Spanish royal children which brought the most unfamiliar delight. But the early Flemish masters, from Van Eyck and Van der Weyden to Breughel; the incomparable Titians and Tintorettos; the Correggios and Lottos; the Rembrandt self-portraits; the Van Dycks and again Rubens—here appearing in yet another mood, as a forerunner of Watteau—were all equally impressive.

The Arts Council of Great Britain, which brought the Munich and Vienna pictures to London, has now for several years organised most of the great exhibitions held in this country, and it is worth remembering that not only has such an institution never before existed in this country, but also that it is unique in Europe. The Arts Council has brought over the Albertina Drawings and, last year, the Gerard David exhibition from Bruges (somewhat unmotivated—as though any Old Master would do), and from British collections it has shown us the drawings from Chatsworth, hitherto accessible to only a few. It has also done much for modern art and artists, and towards the

By courtesy of the Arts Council

MISS BAKER, *by Lawrence Gowing, at London's Exhibition of Contemporary Art*

end of 1949 it showed some of the contemporary British works acquired for exhibition.

The most imaginative enterprise of the Arts Council was undoubtedly the exhibition of Modern German Art in their own building. Only one great exhibition of contemporary German art has hitherto been held in this country—that arranged in 1938. Before the war, it was too early to introduce the modern Germans here. But since then, Paul Klee has become a fashion; Feininger and Beckmann have become Americans; Henry Moore has prepared the way for an understanding of Barlach, and history has added ten years to our experience. The German artists, most of them no longer young, but still very intense, have been more readily accepted. It is true that the Arts Council exhibition showed them at their best: their graphic work was always one of the most original German contributions to art.

German art seems to be 'in the air'. Munich had an exhibition entitled *Der Blaue Reiter* (The Blue Rider), arranged under the patronage of the American occupation authorities, to commemorate the first exhibition held under that name in 1911—an important event in the annals of modern art. This recent enterprise had a special meaning: it was part of the effort to enable people, who had for twelve years not been allowed to see them, to renew acquaintance with these works.

Not only Munich celebrated the resurrection of this art: Amsterdam had an exhibition of 'Expressionism from Van Gogh to Picasso' which was also centred around the German painters of the first quarter of our century. This show, the first of its kind, had a certain significance, as it proved how international a manifestation expressionism was. It showed its forerunners: the Dutchman Van Gogh, the Frenchman Gauguin, the Belgian Ensor, the Norwegian Munch; the Fauves hung side by side with 'The Blue Rider' group of Munich, which was under the influence of several Russians (mainly Kandinsky and, at times, Chagall). There were also Dutch and Belgian expressionists on view. This exhibition was most stimulating as a demonstration of a lately much neglected aspect of modern art, and may, together with that held by the Arts Council in St. James's Square, and with a whole series of recent and forthcoming events (there are rumours of a Munch exhibition to be held in London this year) lead to a new valuation of expressionism.

BELGIUM, too, had its exhibition of modern art, held in Ostend to pay homage to James Ensor, who has always lived there. The painters represented there were Picasso, Braque, Matisse, Klee, Chagall, Max Ernst, also Dali and Chirico. Many of the works seen there have been shown in London at one time or another. Hung together in the Palais des Thermes, they really offered an impression that will not easily be forgotten.

In Paris, the great event was undoubtedly the exhibition of the work of Paul Gauguin, held in the Orangerie des Tuileries to commemorate the centenary of his birth—one year late, as he was born in 1848. Art

critics have lately been almost as unkind to him as they were during his life-time, for his canvases, populated by symbolic figures with mysterious names, often sentimental and thus the opposite of all that is fashionable today, have for a long time not been looked at with unprejudiced eyes. The Paris exhibition, which showed that Gauguin could be great when he was simple, also made it clear that he went further than any of his contemporaries in the simplification of form and in the conscious liberation of art from nature.

It is probably more or less true that exhibitions in England are held for the English, while those in Paris are meant for the French as well as for their visitors. Then there are the tourist countries who use art exhibitions as additional attractions. This is why Zürich followed up its wonderful exhibition of Lombard art with one of the work of Bonnard, and why Florence had another Medici exhibition, this time devoted to Lorenzo il Magnifico, and Genoa one of paintings by that strange baroque artist, Magnasco. *Il turismo* may well have been one of the motives for the Bellini exhibition in Venice, which brought much excitement for students of Italian art. To see the entire *œuvre* of the first great Venetian painter assembled in one building, some of it cleaned and restored and thus disclosing much of its long hidden splendour, was of unique value to the visitors who would normally have remembered Giovanni Bellini only as a name in a guide-book.

Nothing can add more to our knowledge of art than an Old Master's 'one-man show'. In this way Richard Wilson entered into the consciousness of Londoners last year when he and his circle were the subject of a delightful exhibition at the Tate Gallery, which came to us from Birmingham. In this case, the survey of the whole *œuvre* of an artist made it possible for the first time to measure his stature, to see that at his best

Study of Naked Girl, *by Paula Modersohn-Becker. Another example of expressionist art from the Amsterdam Exhibition*

he could be first-rate, but that he was very often—mainly early and late in his career—far from this class. Wilson had no grasp of the more intimate charms of nature, but an admirable sense for atmospheric and romantic beauty. This exhibition showed what he owed to Claude and Canaletto, and what he handed on to Constable. It was, in method and conception, a didactic enterprise, one that displayed a part of the British national heritage.

EQUALLY didactic in purpose was one organised by the Institute of Contemporary Arts under the unfortunate title of '40,000 Years of Modern Art', which was meant to illustrate the indebtedness of contemporary artists to the Primitives of various ages and geographical regions. There was also at least one exhibition that was, inadmittedly, connected with politics: the one of Polish folk art held in Suffolk Street. There can be no doubt that such a display, organised by the Polish authorities and touring the various capitals, is intended to serve as propaganda of some kind. But whatever the motives of the organisers, the outcome of their intentions was an impressive assembly of pieces of sculpture, made during the last two centuries but derived from religious mediæval art, as well as of colourful glass paintings. This art is practically unknown in Western Europe.

We have thus had exhibitions for tourists, and others for ourselves; some that were intended to instruct us, some that were enjoyable, and many of which that were both; political exhibitions (that of the Chantry Bequest belonged to this group, for its roots and aims were connected with museum politics) and sensational ones, such as the Chirico exhibition, which demonstrated what can happen to painters who proclaim that they are not interested in good painting —as the surrealists have done. It remains to consider what exhibitions we would like to see in the near future.

After the French landscapes in Burlington House, it would be equally interesting to see portraits, and it would seem desirable that the national frontiers in these great exhibitions should be dropped in favour of wider cross sections. There is, on the other hand, one very important national school not hitherto represented at Burlington House: the German School, of which one could catch glimpses only at the Munich and Vienna exhibitions, and which has so much to offer: some of the best mediæval sculpture in Europe; some of the loveliest works from the early period of panel painting; more Dürers, Altdorfers, Baldungs, Grünewalds; some masterpieces of the eighteenth century, sculpture as well as paintings; some lovable and highly imaginative works of the nineteenth; and a vigorous, independent modern school. To stay nearer home, we would like to see more of the British private collections. There are still unknown treasures to be shown, and many that have been seen on various occasions. A big exhibition of 'Works of Art from British Country Houses' should appeal to many tourists.

Of one-man shows, we are impatiently awaiting the work of Edvard Munch, the Norwegian who is so highly thought of everywhere, and so little known here. There are three major expressionist artists who deserve to be made known in all their aspects: the sculptor Barlach, the painters Nolde and Kokoschka. The whole group of Italian contemporary painters should be shown together. An exhibition that might bring some pleasant surprises would be one of the foreign artists who have settled in England, some of them completely unknown, some very good, all very different from the native artists. With Holbein, Van Dyck and many minor foreigners having become part of England's art history, there is, after all, a very sound tradition of cultivating the influx of foreign blood. Then there is a whole art of which we see far too little: all the sculpture that is not by Henry Moore. Why not follow up the exhibition held in Battersea Park with one that would contain some works by each of the great contemporary sculptors, including Picasso, Marino Marini, Giacometti and Wotruba? The possibilities are unlimited and the difficulties have often been overcome.

The World of Books

INTIMACY AND OTHER STORIES

By Jean-Paul Sartre. Translated by Lloyd Alexander. *Peter Nevill Ltd.* 9s. 6d.

Reviewed by Tom Hopkinson

The five stories in this volume range over widely differing situations.The effect on the reader is similar in each case: that of being shut in a cupboard between lavatory and bedroom in an inferior Parisian hotel. This effect is gained by a concentration on detail —always of the same kind—which amounts in the end to a form of sententiousness; an assertion—positively pompous—that nothing else but detail of this kind exists. Life, in these stories, is like a grape-fruit cut in half the wrong way; one sees nothing of the fruit but the two sections that happen to lie nearest the knife, and above all, there is no juice.

It appears to be part of M. Sartre's philosophy to deny all values known as spiritual, in order to assert the overwhelming reality of the physical. Very good. The human spirit needs no defence against M. Sartre. There may be nothing original in such a philosophy, but it need not prevent a man from writing good short stories. If, however, under the heading 'spirit' he also omits all humour, gaiety, tenderness, and poetry; if he's so afraid of all values but his own that he does not even grant them belligerent rights and treat of them at all, then the effect on the reader is of a two-dimensional world, no more real, though different from, the world of the popular magazine story. Even so—a two-dimensional world might still be the field in which works of art could be created. Some of the best of Poe's short stories know no wider bounds. But the truth about Sartre's stories is that they are not children of the imagination at all. They are confections deliberately thought-out, situations consciously exploited to expound Sartre's philosophy, or to make comments on the contemporary scene.

Take the title-story 'Intimacy'. A sales-girl with a tendency to ill-health, married to an impotent, is pressed by a woman friend to leave him for a sexually normal, if vain and totally self-centred, rich man. (But isn't it part of Sartre's philosophy that all human creatures are totally self-centred, so there need be nothing disturbing to Lulu about that?) The question posed is simple: will she stay with her husband, or will she leave him for a lover with whom she has no binding link but the supposed fact that he's a man and she a woman?

Answer: she's really impotent as well, so she prefers to stay with a fellow impotent. The story is worked out with a wealth of washerwoman and lavatory-attendant detail. '. . . for example, he wasn't very clean, he didn't change his underwear often enough; when Lulu put it in the dirty laundry bag she couldn't help noticing the bottoms were yellow from rubbing between his legs.' Occasionally the detail is shrewdly observed. And occasionally the form of soliloquy in which the story is told becomes too much for the author's technique:

'I'd like to die. I'm so afraid he'll think badly of me; I couldn't explain anything to him because Rirette was between us, talking, talking, she looked hysterical. Now she's

glad, she's complimenting herself on her courage, how rotten that is with Henri who's gentle as a lamb. I'll go. They can't make me leave him like a dog. She jumped out of bed and turned the switch. My stockings and slip are enough . . .'

No prize offered, but a considerable expenditure of reader's time in sorting out the 'I's' and 'She's' which should have been done by M. Sartre and his translator.

The story called 'The Wall' takes a classic theme—the man sentenced to death with one night to live. How does he spend the time? What does he think about? The story is given the setting—at that time topical—of the Spanish Civil War. Well, what *does* 'Pablo Ibbieta' think about? Being a good existentialist, he thinks of what's presented to his eyes and nose, and occasionally of what was presented to eyes and nose in earlier moments.

'Pedro went out and came back with an oil-lamp which he set on the corner of the bench. It gave a bad light but it was better than nothing: they had left us in the dark the night before. For a long time I watched the circle of light the lamp made on the ceiling. I was fascinated. Then suddenly I woke up, the circle of light disappeared and I felt myself crushed under an enormous weight.'

It's true that Tom, who is in the same case, is inclined to airy talk, but he's quickly brought back to earth.

'Pablo, I wonder . . . I wonder if it's really true that everything ends?'

I took my hand away and said 'Look between your feet, you pig.'

There was a big puddle between his feet, and drops fell from his pants-leg.

This appears to be Sartre's nearest conscious approach to symbolism. He supplies his own unconscious comment on the story when he makes one of his characters declare: 'Looking in his cold blue eyes it seemed to me that his only sin was lack of imagination.'

The most rewarding story of the five is called 'The Room'. It is the account of a young wife's attempt to enter the world of madness in which her husband lives, and into which he will before long finally collapse. The task before the writer is to make the husband's imaginary world real, to present the state of mind of the wife divided between two worlds, and the impact of both husband and wife on the supposedly normal people around them. It therefore necessarily involves, not merely the use of the imagination but the description of purely imaginary states, and cannot be told entirely in terms of the urinoir and the bidet.

Sartre's imaginative power is not equal to making the story continuously vivid, nor to letting the reader see precisely what in his story really happened and what is the madman's fantasy. This forces him to murmur 'asides' in the reader's ear which a more skilful technique would find unnecessary.

'I don't believe you,' Pierre said. 'Why should you love me? I must frighten you: I'm haunted.' He smiled but suddenly became serious. 'There is a wall between you and me. I see you, I speak to you, but you're on the other side. What keeps us from loving? I think it was easier before. In Hamburg.'

'Yes,' Eve said sadly. Always Hamburg. He never spoke of their real past. Neither Eve nor he had ever been to Hamburg.

It is in this story that the misprints, misspellings and simple mistakes, which disfigure the whole book, reach their most maddening climax with the printing of what appear to be simply instructions from the translator to his typist '. . . the doctor's hands are tied. They can give their advice, period. That's all.' Sartre, however, cannot be blamed for that, and the story comes by far the nearest to an imaginative interpretation of life.

'Erostratus', the monologue of a murderer who kills out of ingrowing sexuality, is an unambitious exercise which might appear in any literary magazine, and there remains then 'The Childhood of a Leader'. This aims very much higher. It attempts to trace, from early childhood into manhood, the development of a likely young bully, and to strike a blow against Fascism and anti-Semitism by tracing them to their source in human guilt and weakness. The story begins

with Sartre thinking himself inside the skin of a little boy who has been dressed up for a party as a little girl, and is bemused about his own sex in consequence. His connection with his parents, and therefore his sense of security and personal identity, is broken by an experience, presumably of the sexual relationship between his parents in whose room he sleeps.

'But there had been something before the dream, Lucien must have wakened. When he tried to remember, he saw a long black tunnel lit by a small blue lamp like the night-light they turned on in his parents' room every evening. At the very bottom of this dark blue night something went past, something white. He sat on the ground at Mamma's feet and took his drum. Mamma asked him, "Why are you looking at me like that, darling?" he lowered his eyes and beat on his drum, crying "Boom, boom, taraboom." But when she turned her head, he began to scrutinise her minutely as if he were seeing her for the first time.'

The writer then follows his chief character, Lucien, through a series of childish adventures centring round lavatory and bathroom, and reaching the dignity of bed (apart from an experience with a surrealist paederast) only when Lucien has joined the *camelots* and taken part in the savage beating-up of a little foreigner.

'*Cogito ergo sum*' . . . the philosophy teacher who drifts into the story quotes Descartes. But in the author's philosophy the phrase has become transformed . . . '*Mingo ergo sum*', '*defaeco ergo sum*' and occasionally, the reader finds '*vomo ergo sum.*'

The real weakness of these stories, however, is not their thin philosophy of life nor their obsessed concentration on the grimy. It is the author's lack of true authority: 'Well, I suppose it might possibly have been like that' is the most the reader can concede. Never a full surrender. 'Yes, that's how it must have been.' The publication of these stories cannot add to Sartre's reputation in this country. On the evidence of the stories, however, that would not be a matter for regret.

I.C.A.

A NEW DEVELOPMENT IN THE ARTS

We have so often heard the statement, which has now become almost a platitude, that the old individual patronage of the arts is dying out and is being replaced, perhaps inadequately, by the support of official and semi-official bodies. That which is new and therefore strange, that which is experimental, nascent, and therefore uncertain, had always to meet some hostility from the larger public. In the field of painting we have only to think of the French Impressionists or our own Pre-Raphaelites.

Officials of public bodies, however enlightened they may be individually, can never be so daring in spending the money of the community as can those who are convinced of the soundness of their own taste and do not have to rely upon Higher (and possibly ignorant) Authority for sanction. Ever fewer means exist today by which experimental work in the arts can be seen and bear fruit. The different arts—painting, drama, music, architecture, the film and so on—continue in their separate and increasingly specialised spheres, lacking the atmosphere necessary to that fertile and exciting interchange of ideas which is so vital to creative activity.

Paris has its cafés, and New York its Museum of Modern Art. In England we need a centre which will be a 'Foyer of the Arts', where professional people may meet each other and their public and discuss in a socially congenial atmosphere their mutual problems, where experimental and controversial work may be seen and criticised and which will include a store of information relating to the arts in all parts of the world.

It is the idea of setting up such a centre which motivated the founders of the Institute of Contemporary Arts, the Chairman of which is Herbert Read. The Institute has already, in the two years of its existence, made a substantial contribution to our cultural life. Among other activities it has arranged several important exhibitions and, though still lacking suitable premises, it has been successful in bringing together specialists traditionally as far apart as anthropologists, architects, musicians, psychiatrists, painters, and actors. If you are interested, you should communicate with the Director, 6 Fitzroy Street, W.1 (Telephone: MUS 5145).

EWAN PHILLIPS

DOWN THE LONG SLIDE
By Tom Hopkinson. *Hogarth Press.* 7s. 6d.

Reviewed by Robert Payne

Probably it is no longer possible to write a completely intelligible novel on the Frontier, if only because the Frontier, vast, anonymous and desperately out at heel, is altogether too close to use. We know the Frontier well, because it passes between our legs: we are all suffering from that St. Vitus's dance which comes about when the Frontier starts clutching at our legs to remind us it is there. The battle between freedom and authority is, like a conscience, always there: we run along its knife-edge, and we are becoming progressively conscious that the blood on the ground is our own. But how to write about a thing which is as common as gold at Fort Knox?

Mr. Hopkinson has done his best. He labours under no delusions, and he is temperamentally at home in the world of glittering knife-edges. In his short stories he has written superbly of the relations between men and women, where the frontiers are more deliberately contrived and the battle between freedom and authority is worked out on human levels. He knows his lovers, and the landscape they walk in, well. But it is not quite so certain that he knows the fractured landscape and the fractured minds of the political Frontier equally well. His Brusilov, the Director of the State Publishing House, a member of the Old Guard, who finds himself under compulsion to escape, is not completely realised. There are moments when he comes through. His name is against him—we find ourselves wondering what the historical General Brusilov is doing here. He is paunchy, has a son he adores and a wife of whom he is illimitably weary, and he is described as a *galant*, which somehow doesn't ring quite true. It is a very short novel: all the emphasis is focused on him, and he can hardly bear the weight of so much emphasis. He escapes from the capital by car, changes his suit, meets in a wooden house near the frontier his old mistress and then walks over the Frontier with the help of a villager called Helmut, and that is the end, except that for some pages he consoles himself in a refugee camp. That is all. It is incredible that there should be no more—one had expected it from the author of *The Third Secretary's Story*, which is one of the classics of our time—but it is so.

As often with Mr. Hopkinson, however, the aridity of the story itself is relieved by what Coleridge has called 'the invention of true fancy'. There are details in this book so good that one wishes the whole was contrived with the same cloth. The account of the motor-car speeding south and then west, the overheard talk in the capital, and the description of the landscape of the Range of Death which separates him from the world outside the totalitarian state he is escaping from are all excellent, and the last is so singularly excellent that one has the impression of actually being there. A short quotation can only suggest the method he has used:

'Flowers bloomed everywhere except under the trees, in the open wild strawberries and raspberries flourished and bilberries covered the loose scree. Where the track was wet, immense grey-green snails, three or four inches at full stretch, went waving over the gravel their half-transparent undulating skirts. The small dry machinery of the grasshoppers maintained an incessant throbbing hum. Occasionally, from behind him, a moth, which made a loud rattle as it flew, would start up, pedal down air, and alight some yards away. From a piece of filth two exquisitely cut out primrose butterflies, with a long tail to each wing and purple spots in a row along the outside edge, danced gaily up into the sky as if laughing off their detected nastiness. Once a hare skipped easily across the track, caught sight of him half-way over, laid its ears back and accelerated in a moment out of sight.'

This is writing! And if it owes something to Hieronymus Bosch, it is indebted far more to a peculiarly accurate vision of the landscape of the Frontier. Marianne Moore speaks somewhere of real toads in imaginary gardens. What is now needed is that Mr. Hopkinson should write a book concerning real men standing on real frontiers. There are signs that one day he may do it better than anyone.

NINETEENTH-CENTURY STUDIES
By Basil Willey. *Chatto & Windus.* 15s.

Reviewed by Herbert Read

The background of the nineteenth century is a certain moral earnestness in which reason tries to reconstruct, or find a substitute for, the faith which understanding has put in doubt. Professor Willey very appropriately begins with a study of Coleridge, whose most important critical achievement was a distinction between reason and understanding, corresponding to his distinction between imagination and fancy and, for Coleridge, inseparable from the defence of religion. Professor Willey would seem to accept Coleridge's point of view, and his literary criticism, like so much recent literary criticism, is written with an assumption of Christian orthodoxy which is perhaps a little too smug. It is true that he does confess in one place that 'a crucial difficulty in studying the last century is that it continually embarrasses us, as a father often embarrasses a son, by stating with pertinence and superior knowledge positions which we had assumed, without having really examined them, to be obsolete or untenable. The nineteenth century compels us to define our own position, and as this is difficult and often painful, we have (until recently) avoided its society like prodigal sons, or by-passed it with superficial irony.' But does Professor Willey openly define his own position? He has still plenty of irony in reserve for Carlyle, Bentham, Mill, Comte and George Eliot, but it is not quite clear whether their dilemmas (on such subjects as the divinity of Christ, the supernatural origin of miracles, the immortality of the soul) are unquestioned beliefs for the author. The point is important because there is a growing confusion between moral criticism and literary criticism, and we should expect literary criticism from a professor of English literature in Cambridge. It is, of course, perfectly legitimate for the literary critic to sketch in the 'background'—social, philosophical and religious—of his period. A purely technical criticism is boring for anyone but technicians. But our business, presumably, is with a mystery called beauty, enshrined in works of art—in the present case, literary works like Newman's *Apologia*, Carlyle's *Sartor Resartus*, Mill *On Liberty*, George Eliot's *Middlemarch*, and Matthew Arnold's poems and essays. The material of some of these works is indeed 'thought' or even 'faith'; so is the material of the Greek drama, the Indian *vedas*, 'The Four Books', and much else in world literature. But the literary critic does not normally adopt an orthodox or superior attitude to such systems of thought for, in so far as they penetrate the work of art, they are part of its substance, to be accepted with sympathetic intuition if we are to derive the fullest aesthetic satisfaction from that work of art. In the same way the 'predicament' of George Eliot ('that of the religious temperament cut off by the *Zeitgeist* from the traditional objects of veneration, and the traditional intellectual formulations') is part and parcel of her artistry. If we accept *Middlemarch* as a supreme work of art, we should have sufficient humility to accept the personality that created it—and by 'accept' I mean what she herself called 'the deep-seated habit of direct fellow-feeling'. At least we might pause to consider the fact that in the nineteenth century a remarkable number of masterpieces were born of heresy, and before condemning them on that account, ask what masterpieces orthodoxy has to match them. Professor Willey is not such a crude moralist as this suggests; on the contrary, he palpably has a fine sense of literary values. As a critic, he is a little deficient in a quality he finds in George Eliot—'her special gift of sympathising where yet she criticises.' As a moralist, he is keen and forceful. How admirable this retort to the Utilitarian notion that happiness is the sanction of altruism:

'Human nature does not rise to such baits; it is moved much rather (so experience suggests) by commands, and still more by *love*. The loved object, whether God, person or society, requires of us a devotion in which we indeed find joy, but we do not love *on account of* the joy; we find the joy because we love.'

MAN'S EVOLUTION

Lecomte du Noüy: Human Destiny (second edition): *Longmans, Green & Co.* 15s.

Lawrence Hyde: The Nameless Faith: *Rider & Co.* 16s.

Reviewed by Kenneth Walker

When a man believes that Divine Intelligence, and not accident, controls this universe, his objection that the Darwinian theory gives an incomplete account of man's evolution can easily be attributed to religious bias. But if a biologist of the calibre of the author of *Human Destiny* writes a similar protest, the scientist and that large section of the public that blindly accepts the scientist's ruling are forced to take some notice of it. Dr. du Noüy is not a visionary, but a biologist who collaborated with Alexis Carrel in his experiments on tissue culture and on the healing of surface wounds. He was also head of the Bio-Physics Department of the Pasteur Institute, and was awarded the Arnold Reymond Prize by the University of Lausanne. His statement, therefore, that the Darwinians have been so engrossed in the study of the means by which new species arise that they have ceased to think of the larger aspects of their subject, cannot be summarily dismissed. Nobody can deny that this is true. When we come close to a cathedral, we obtain 'a better view of the statues, the portal, and the ornamentation, but we shall miss the general impression willed by the architect which can be had only from a distance.' It is from the distance and on the grand scale that Dr. Noüy views the subject of man's evolution. And when we start, as he does, a stage earlier, and look at the preliminary evolution of man's home on earth, how difficult it is to give any explanation of what has happened without believing that the whole of this gigantic and enduring process has been travelling slowly towards some distant and preconceived goal. First, there is inorganic evolution moving in the direction of increasing entropy, and then, with the appearance of life on the earth, a new kind of evolution starts running counter to the main current. And how did this opposing eddy begin? By no effort of the imagination can we conceive that first the chemical ingredients of the physical basis of life accidentally appeared on the surface of this planet, and then life itself, unless we wish to deprive this word of all meaning. Yet, to the machine-minded scientist, teleological accounts of phenomena are strictly forbidden and everything must be attributed to an antecedent cause. Dr. du Noüy has broken away from this narrow creed and boldly writes: 'We hope to be able to convince the reader that unless a finalistic point of view is adopted, it (evolution) completely escapes our understanding.' He is even so rash as to coin a new word, 'telefinalism', by which to denote the distant goal towards which the whole of biological evolution has been moving—the creation of, and the eventual perfecting of, man. 'Christ,' he writes, 'brings us the proof that this is not an unrealisable dream, but an accessible ideal.' For man, evolution has not ended; his moral and spiritual evolution has indeed scarcely begun. It will, of course, be objected that a scientist's religious beliefs are his private affair and that they should not be allowed to intrude when he is dealing with science. But it is as a biologist that Lecomte du Noüy writes, and it is by scientific argument alone that he either succeeds or fails in substantiating his conclusions. Despite humanity's present pessimism concerning its own future and the disappearance of the old illusion of assured progress, he ends on an optimistic note. 'Let man remember that the Law is, and always has been, to struggle, and that the fight has lost nothing of its violence by being transposed from the material on to the spiritual plane . . . And let him, above all, never forget that the divine spark is in him, and that he is free to disregard it, or kill it, or to come closer to God by showing his eagerness to work with Him, and for Him.' This book made a profound impression on many people when it first appeared, and a second edition is to be warmly welcomed.

Whereas Dr. Noüy has provided us with an antidote to the mechano-morphism of science, Mr. Lawrence Hyde in *The Nameless Faith* has administered to us a corrective of a different kind. He warns us that we place

too much trust on our heads, and that to experience Reality we must do justice 'not only to our logical findings but also to our intuitions and our emotional responses.' This needed saying, particularly at a moment when the experts in epistemology are proclaiming that our heads and our senses are able to tell us little or nothing about anything. If what the logical positivists say is true, we must either be content to ask no more questions, or else fall back on our emotional, intuitive and spiritual faculties. And this is exactly what the author of this book counsels us to do. He starts by pointing out that man is a spirit involved in 'an unremitting struggle with the body in which it is incarcerated.' It is essential, therefore, that man should be supported in this struggle by a religion. But in the author's opinion the older religions have all failed; the Christian Church because it has insisted on obedience to a higher authority and does not allow beliefs to be based only on inner experience, the Eastern faiths because they emphasise 'world denial' as opposed to 'world affirmation'. All Eastern faiths, therefore, stand in the way of establishing the Kingdom of Heaven upon Earth. Another sign that the old faiths have been wanting is that whereas in other fields of human endeavour, such as the economic one, the unity of mankind is being more and more widely recognised, in the field of religion the words 'the brotherhood of man' have never been implemented. Because in the author's opinion the older religions have failed us, he sees no alternative to that of creating a new one. In this, the earlier part of the book, he is seen at his best, and his critical survey of mankind's situation is trenchant and revealing. It is when he comes to the more difficult task of describing how a new and more efficient religion is to be evolved that his touch becomes less certain. Are we to await the arrival of a great religious genius, or to go forth in search of the fountains of esoteric knowledge? The answer to these two questions is an emphatic 'No', and the reader, provided only with the clue that there are already minds at work 'shaping the thought of the coming century', is forced to undertake a good deal of private detective work. Only towards the end of the book is the source of the Nameless Faith clearly revealed. 'And this points surely to the fact that it is through spiritualistic channels pre-eminently that a new world religion will be imparted to humanity.' I must confess that these words left me disheartened and incredulous, but it is only fair to add that by 'spiritualistic channels' the author does not mean the irresponsible pronouncements of professional mediums. He believes that spiritual evolution continues after death and that it is possible to make direct contact with those who have reached the higher levels in the scale of perfection, by what he calls the higher Spiritual Communion. Few things are more difficult than to write of personal spiritual beliefs without becoming banal or crude, but the author has succeeded in avoiding this. However different may be one's own opinion, one is compelled to admire his sincerity and imaginative scope.

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HUTCHINSON INTERNATIONAL AUTHORS

THE ELIZABETHAN HOUSE OF COMMONS

By J. E. Neale. *Jonathan Cape.* 18s.

Reviewed by Max Beloff

The times in which we live are in need of new political institutions, are fertile in constructing them upon paper, and are singularly unable to endow them with the breath of life. The history of ancient and honourable institutions should be full of lessons for us; and would be, were it not for the almost wilful contempt for history that seems to dominate our present rulers—or most of them. In all periods of its history the British House of Commons must be an object of study and admiration, and in no age more than in that of Queen Elizabeth—the chapter of its development that has provided Professor Neale with a theme for a lifetime of study, the first part of which, in its definitive form, occupies the present volume.

The reason for the importance of the Age of Elizabeth in this connection is partly fortuitous; it is the first age for which diaries and letters enable more than a formal idea of the life and activities of the House to be placed before us; it is also an age in which many of the characteristic and distinguishing marks of that body can first clearly be disentangled. From the sixteenth century the Parliament of England is no longer just one of the mediæval representative institutions—the Estates—that almost every country in Europe produced after its fashion; it is something exceptional and unique among them. The constitutional aspects of the question—the rôle of Parliament in Elizabethan politics—will fall to be dealt with in a subsequent volume. What we have here are the internal indications of its strength and vitality. First and foremost must be placed the close connection between Parliament and social and economic leadership on a local level. Parliament that had represented communities in an earlier age—and from the point of view of the franchise represented communities and not individuals still—now represented a closely-interlocked and predominantly-landed ruling class. This was marked in this period by a final failure to secure the acceptance of the principle that representation should be limited to those with residential or similar qualifications. The country gentlemen increasingly captured the borough seats; and the 'carpet-bagger', that unique and necessary figure in British politics, appears before us in recognisable shape.

Previous historians have tended to regard this process and the accompanying creation of new boroughs as symptomatic of the intention of the Crown and the greater magnates to pack Parliament for their own purposes—but, as Professor Neale shows, the idea is an anachronistic one, even if some Puritan groups do show a marked precocity in what would later be called party organisation. It was rather the other way round—it was the country gentlemen attracted by the opportunities and glamour of the capital that sought for membership to push their own or their neighbours' causes, and who persuaded the Crown and other patrons to meet their need.

But it is not only membership but also procedure that determines the utility of representative institutions, and not the least interesting of Professor Neale's pages are those in which he shows with learning and logic how our familiar modern 'three readings' with 'committee stage' and 'report stage', as the normal path from bill to act, grew out of the technical necessities of an age when the printing-press was not used in the legislative process, and when all depended upon writing on paper and engrossing on parchment, so that a 'reading' was no mere formality for the bulk of the membership.

It is, all in all, a great theme and one treated here in a way that lifts the subject out of the merely technical and puts it where it belongs in the whole story of English life and English institutions. Professor Neale, unlike most contemporary academic historians, can distinguish between the scholarly and the pedantic, and knows that behind the parchments there was a throbbing and palpitating life that waited upon no legal forms where they stood in the way of its demands and passions. The author is worthy of the subject; and that is the highest praise.

SRI AUROBINDO, INDIAN POET, PHILOSOPHER AND MYSTIC

By G. H. Langley. *David Marlowe, Ltd.*, for the Royal India and Pakistan Society. 10s. 6d.

Reviewed by Morwenna Donnelly

This study of Sri Aurobindo by Professor Langley should provide a much-needed introduction for all those still in ignorance of the life, work and thought of this great Indian. It is a notable attempt to single out the fundamental teaching of a body of thought expounded in a number of complex and subtly reasoned works, such as *The Life Divine*, *The Synthesis of Yoga*, and the *Essays on the Gita*, with particular attention to the problems this teaching may involve for the Western mind. Professor Langley begins his study with a short biographical note touching Sri Aurobindo's education in England, his subsequent career as a nationalist leader in Bengal before retiring to Pondicherry to devote himself to Yoga, and ends it with a chapter on his poetry. The rest of his book is concerned with an exposition of the main elements in Aurobindo's thought.

The particular attraction of Aurobindo for the Westerner is that, while his teaching is inspired by the great spiritual intuitions of Hindu tradition, he has a thorough grasp of Western thought. In him the best of both East and West meet and are gathered up into a catholic vision of existence. Professor Langley gives first place in his study to Aurobindo's concern to find a deeper knowledge which will have power to solve those problems of life which remain absolutely intractable to the intellect, and which science, sociology, humanitarianism and all the other weapons of secular humanism only palliate, but cannot unravel. Sri Aurobindo maintains that it is only in a development of consciousness beyond the narrow confines of mind and intellect that man can fathom the secrets of existence, achieve harmony in himself and unity with his fellows. It is not in any outer manipulation of life that science or technology can make that mankind can realise full stature, but in each individual's perception of reality and his ability to reach the eternal source of creative power, which resides, to use Professor Langley's words, 'in the One by which persons have their being, and as it becomes appropriated makes for unity, comradeship, and creative advance among the persons in whom it operates.' Sri Aurobindo has many pertinent criticisms to make of the inadequacy of certain Western criterions of knowledge which we are apt to treat as sacrosanct. If we wish to understand the truth of things, we must go beyond rational procedure, which cannot bring us complete knowledge even of the world, still less of God. But it is only by accepting the validity of spiritual experience and the intuitive knowledge of truth—of which he makes persuasive defence—that we can reach to a wider consciousness and understanding of the universe, ourselves, and God.

To convey the many-sidedness of such a man is beyond the scope of a short study, but within its confines, Professor Langley has made a worthy tribute to a great contemporary whose full importance may hardly be assessed in our time.

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THE ANNUAL REGISTER FOR 1948
Edited by I. S. Macadam.
Longmans, Green. 42s.

Reviewed by Gordon Rattray Taylor

The Victorians had a peculiar fondness for the type of book which they generally described as 'a veritable mine of information'. The metaphor was apter than they knew. In a mine you have to dig and blast to get what you want and then it is of no practical use until it has been refined. Probably this was its attraction. To sink a mine was the supreme challenge to capitalist individualism. Scattered about under the earth were dross and riches, all higgledy-piggledy. Sink a shaft and no one could tell what you might bring up. So also the Compendium offered a challenge.

Today the spirit of the times is very different. The reader is too busy keeping himself afloat to want unnecessary labour. He wants a chart, not a bran-tub. In a world which grows steadily more complex, he needs a reliable review which will give him a quick conspectus of the terrain—something, to change the metaphor, which will help him to perceive the wood as well as to identify the trees. Every year, as propaganda extends its tendrils, the truth is harder to come by. Daily and weekly periodicals, overwhelmed by the attempt to report the news as it happens, have no time to look back and revise their first impressions.

We can dimly imagine the shape of this much-to-be-desired compendium of the twentieth century. It will be exhaustively indexed and cross-indexed. While providing an adequate chronology of events, it will also include broad summaries for the busy man who wants only to gather the general idea. There will be a generous use of such short-cuts as charts and diagrams, especially for presenting economic material. It will not be dominated by political, economic and military minutiae, but will pay due attention to the trend of thought in education, philosophy and art. As it draws our attention to some scarcely realised change—let us say in the status of the middle classes, for instance—we shall exclaim appreciatively: 'Yes! I never thought of that.'

The *Annual Register*, now in its one hundred and ninetieth year, is visibly, despite a recent refurbishing, a descendant of the older tradition, rather than a scion of the new. If we look in the index, we shall find no single entry for Psychology, none for Philosophy, none for Religion, none for the Social Sciences. The Pope appears but once, and then in a political rather than a religious context. Even such popular activities as Crime and Criminology find no place. Art and Literature each receive a chapter, to be sure, but inspection reveals them to consist of little more than a catalogue of titles; and apparently Britain was the only country to produce any Art in 1948.

To the question, what happened in 1948? the *Register* replies: there was a *putsch* in Czechoslovakia and Israel became a State; Gandhi was assassinated, and the U.S. Congress passed the Economic Recovery Act; in Britain, railways, gas, and electricity were nationalised, while the National Insurance Act came into force. Facts of this kind we can quarry by the dozen, if we have the leisure. The captious critic might complain that it gives no clear idea of the progress of recovery from the war, not even the number of houses built. He might think it odd that Mr. Belcher is listed as Parliamentary Secretary to the Minister of Food (though his resignation is recorded in the text) and that there are several other errors in the list of the Administration. And what if men as eminent as Lord Passfield, Prof. A. N. Whitehead, Lord Rayleigh and Field-Marshal Lord Milne, are omitted from the Obituary section? No doubt it was to make room for Richard Tauber, Margaret Wrong and Mrs. Oscar Lewisohn.

The Collector's Book Club (25 Museum Street, W.C.1), which was founded to provide book lovers with important books in luxurious leather binding, has added another three titles to its attractive list: Oscar Wilde's *De Profundis*, with an introduction by his son Vyvyan Holland, is available to members in a limited edition at 24s.; F. E. Halliday's *Shakespeare and his Critics*, bound in black morocco, can be obtained for 39s., and L. A. G. Strong's *The Sacred River*, an Approach to James Joyce, at 17s. 6d. The last is particularly timely, in view of the forthcoming James Joyce Memorial Exhibition in London next month.

DEGAS DANCERS

By Lillian Browse. *Faber & Faber.* 4 gns.

Reviewed by Bernard Denvir

Even during his own lifetime, Hilaire-Germain-Edgar De Gas was something of a legend, which the simplification of his name to Edgar Degas did little to diminish. A dandy, who shunned his fellow artists; a wit, who was lonely and embittered; a conscientious, original and highly inventive artist, whose political outlook was reactionary—during the Dreyfus trial he became very anti-Semitic—he died in 1917, at the age of eighty-three. His constant devotion to the old masters, and to Ingres, that most academic of nineteenth-century French painters, made him a leading figure in the revolution in the history of art which took place between 1850 and 1900.

With Van Gogh, Degas shares the achievement of popularising modern painting. Van Gogh's *Sunflowers* and Degas' *Ballet Dancers* are as familiar today as *The Angelus* or *The Childhood of Sir Walter Raleigh* were half a century ago. The popularity of Van Gogh may, of course, be due to the 'romance' of his life, and that of Degas to his choice of subject, but in neither case does the origin of success detract from the real artistic merit of the artists concerned.

In this sumptuous book, with its twelve colour plates, its two hundred and fifty monochrome plates, its dignified typography and excellent binding, Miss Browse, who shares with Degas a devotion both to art and the ballet, puts students of both activities in her debt, and supplements deficiencies in the knowledge of those who specialise in either.

Had Degas been no more than a recorder of the ballet, he would have been singularly unfortunate. Too young to have known Taglioni or Elssler, he was an old, half-blind man when Diaghilev resurrected the art of ballet in the twentieth century. But his attitude towards the ballet was unique. He dominated it; coaxing into an unexpected grace, figures which a choreographer would have rejected, and freezing into unexpected

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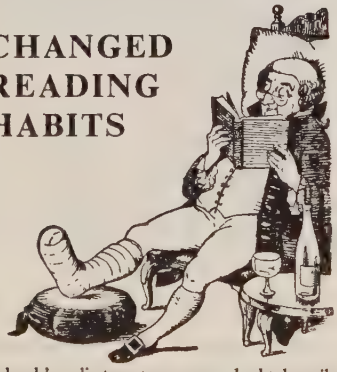

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immortality some of the least worthy examples of the dancer's art.

But those who know his work only because of one or two paintings, will discover from this book that Degas studied the ballet as a doctor studies anatomy, possibly with an even tenser devotion. It is indeed when she treats of the relationship between Degas and the ballet that Miss Browse is most illuminating and stimulating. It requires an unusually profound and intimate knowledge of art history to be able to make any generalisations about the general cultural trends of a period, and the introductory section of the book which endeavours to 'place' Degas is stilted and irritating.

In her explorations of Degas' wanderings around the back-stages of theatre and opera house, in her patient dogging of his footsteps through ballet school and rehearsal class, in her questings through yellowed programmes, and in her unravelling of that mass of rumour, scandal, fact, anecdote and suggestion which makes ballet history, she has, however, uncovered an entirely new tract in the history of European culture.

It was in 1866 that Degas painted his first ballet subject—it was of Mlle. Fiocre in *La Source*. Action there is none, nor any suggestion, apart from the title, that the subject is other than a merely theatrical one. Public interest in the ballet was, in any case, centred on the fact that a live horse was used on the stage.

During the next fifty years, however, this first effort was to become the foundation for an exploration of the visual beauties of the ballet without parallel in the history of art. Three generations of dancers were to see this unobtrusive figure sketching and note-taking amidst the excitement and flurry, the boredom and the magic of exercise, rehearsal and performance. Always the sketches were choreographically perfect; sometimes the neat handwriting would comment on a pose, or criticise a stance.

For all his monk-like qualities, Degas was continuously and critically aware of what was happening in his age. He was a keen student of photography, and used a Kodak extensively for the furtherance of his

own powers of observation. His desire to record motion in colour and line was of the utmost importance to the growth of modern art, and his trick of using different 'shots' to record his vision of a scene on a stage was a prophecy of the technique of the cinema-camera.

In Paris today there may still be alive one-time dancers from the Opera who remember the old man with the white beard and the blue-tinted spectacles hovering about the stage, darting behind the scenes. They may not have realised that he was possibly the only person in the world capable of giving immortality to their most elusive and ephemeral art.

ANTIQUES REVIEW

Books One and Two. Edited by G. Bernard Hughes. *Seven Oaks Press*, 165 Victoria Street, S.W.1. 3s. 6d. each

Reviewed by Hylda Hopley

One has but to glance at a mid-eighteenth-century enamelled snuff-box for it to conjure up fascinating speculations regarding 'the brief radiance that was Battersea.' The lid may carry a slightly effeminate Ravenet engraving, such as Paris awarding the apple to Hibernia, and the theme may be continued on its inner surface with a representation of a fashionable Miss Gunning, while plump amorini display the Arts round the box sides. The whole decoration is simple enough—merely a series of monochrome transfer prints. Yet in such sensitive, un-English Ravenet delineations, interspersed with the forthright contributions of Robert Hancock, was initiated the craft of transfer-printing, destined to become essential to practically all decoration of domestic china.

Well may one speculate, then, as to the chance that led the flamboyant Huguenot Stephen Theodore Janssen into association with Brooks and Delamain of Dublin and the French engraver Ravenet. How far might a connection be traced between the enamels of Battersea and the porcelain of Chelsea, between Janssen and that equally colourful Huguenot, Nicholas Sprimont, and what lay behind the rapid decline of the Battersea factory? Speculation is tempting, but Therle and Bernard Hughes have wisely kept to facts in piecing together the first really clear and logical examination of eighteenth-century English enamels in a monograph that makes an important contribution to the second book of a commendable series issued under the general title *Antiques Review*. It is suggested here that, under the stationer Janssen, the factory at Battersea was mainly concerned with the decorative potentialities of this new transfer printing, and that this continued to be the basis for the work of the Birmingham and South Staffordshire enamellers later in the century. The illustrations, showing thirty pieces from the collection of Her Majesty Queen Mary, demonstrate the charm of the little etuis and snuff-boxes, spyglasses and chatelaines, that were part and parcel of the eighteenth-century scene.

Indeed, the books under review might almost claim an examination of the distinctive taste and fine craftsmanship of this period at its best as their unifying theme. But perhaps the theme might be better identified as the design and craftsmanship which distinguish all worthy antiques from the dross of the junk shop. On this theme, whether the immediate subject be silver or ceramics, furniture or pictures, or glass, the contributors write with the straightforward simplicity required by the tyro but with a thoroughness that challenges further research.

Where possible, factual corroboration has been sought in contemporary illustrations—in the style of silver standish on a Gainsborough portrait, perhaps, or the pewter plates and flagons in Steen's riotous genre studies. There is evidence throughout of a praiseworthy effort to make the extremely pleasurable illustrations a positive contribution to the understanding of the subjects reviewed. The glasses in the collection of His Majesty the King may be mentioned in this connection, among the more notable features in these well-prepared and well-presented books.

JOURNAL OF A VISIT TO LONDON AND THE CONTINENT

By Herman Melville. Edited by Eleanor Melville Metcalf. *Cohen & West.* 21s.

Reviewed by Patricia Ledward

One windy autumn afternoon in 1849, Herman Melville set sail for England. In his portmanteau he carried the script of a new novel, *White Jacket*, which he proposed to sell to a London publisher. Behind him lay the successes of *Typee*, *Omoo*, and *Redburn*, and the challenge of *Mardi*; ahead gleamed the immense whiteness of *Moby Dick*—that book of 'the soul's daring and the soul's dread' as Mr. Raymond Weaver, one of his biographers, has described it—followed by those long years of exhaustion that were to bring him to pessimism and despair. But now he was quick and glad and full of self-confidence.

Day by day he jotted down his impressions of the journey and of the people he met. On landing at Deal, he set off to walk the eighteen miles to Canterbury to raise an appetite for breakfast! There he entrained for London. It is not surprising that the capital, overcrowded and sprawling as it was even then, did not inspire him with joy. Not for him Wordsworth's lofty thoughts on Westminster Bridge, but 'a city of Dis (Dante's)—clouds of smoke—the damned, etc.—': and the view citywards from the top of Primrose Hill was like 'a vision of hell from Abraham's bosom'.

He pushed his novel from one publisher to another and, while awaiting developments, he explored the city, visiting nearly all the places of historical interest. He also indulged his passion for looking at pictures, ferreted among the old book-shops, and was entertained by a number of literary people. He even caught a glimpse of Queen Victoria and remarked, 'I would recommend to the Queen Rowland's Kalydore for clarifying the complexion.' Many scenes, such as that at the Guildhall when the beggars of London feasted on the remains of the Lord Mayor's banquet, evoked his irony. His 'everlasting itch for things remote' compelled him to visit Paris, Brussels—'a more humdrum place I never saw'—and to travel a short way up the Rhine. The publisher, Bentley, eventually agreed on a generous advance and Melville left for home on Christmas Day.

Although this is by no means a literary journal, it is in a sense a writer's note-book. The scenes and events he records are nearly all external, but the slow meditation of the inward eye follows in due course. We are continually finding clues to passages in his later works. His impression of London from the Thames, for instance, occupies a whole chapter of description in *Israel Potter*, while his bald comment that: 'This silence is a strange thing. No wonder the old Greeks deemed it the vestibule to the higher mysteries', turns up much adorned in *Pierre*.

Through the courtesy of Eleanor Melville Metcalf, the manuscript of this journal has often been made available to Melville's biographers, but this is its first independent publication. The editor is especially to be commended on her studious annotation.

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Some Books Received

BROWN, W. J., M.P. BROWN STUDIES. *Latimer House*, 9s. 6d.

Arthur Bryant writes the foreword to this book, in which Mr. Brown has provided the British citizen with a sorely-needed guide to the understanding of the growing complexity of politics.

ISHERWOOD, Christopher. THE CONDOR AND THE COWS. *Methuen*, 21s.

The travel-diary of a journey to South America made within the last two years by the author and a friend. Mr. Isherwood deals with the political and cultural conditions of the countries they visited and the book contains many portraits of notable or unusual people.

LANDAU, Rom. PERSONALIA. *Faber & Faber*, 21s.

A series of evocations of people in the Western and Eastern world who have influenced the development of Mr. Landau as an author, including Paderewski, Bernard Shaw, Sir Francis Younghusband, the Mufti of Jerusalem, etc.

LUSTGARTEN, Edgar. VERDICT IN DISPUTE. *Allan Wingate*, 9s. 6d.

In his detailed examination of six celebrated cases —in each of which the verdict seems open to dispute—the author answers the question 'Are people ever wrongly convicted of murder?' in the affirmative, and may lead others to agree with his view.

SACKVILLE-WEST, Edward. INCLINATIONS. *Martin Secker & Warburg*, 12s. 6d.

The general title under which these essays are assembled indicates both the scope of the author's appreciation and his critical attitude. Among the various writers included are Dickens, Henry James, Rilke and Mauriac.

SLESSOR, The Rt. Hon. Sir Henry., P.C. THE MIDDLE AGES IN THE WEST. *Hutchinson*, 21s.

A topical book, in view of the present eagerly sought unity of Europe, in which the author wants mediæval sages to teach us to think on a basis of classical Christian theology, as was the practice in the Middle Ages.

WILSON, A. E. POST-WAR THEATRE 1945–1949. *Home & Van Thal*, 16s.

Much entertaining reading is to be found in this survey of the post-war theatre, covering as it does anything that was notable in the past four years of play-going. It contains nearly 200 illustrations of stars and scenes from scores of plays.

End Piece

SMALL-TOWN SATURDAY NIGHT

ELIZABETH BERRIDGE

It is nearly half-past six. The bus draws up at the Cross Keys, but not the new one, the one with the wooden seats—the 'picture bus', as we call it in the village.

This bus of ours is an achievement. It took us seven years to get the necessary permission for it to run twice a week: it meant periodic journeys to Birmingham and Chester Petty Sessions to fight the Railway, who bitterly opposed the idea. Now the railways are nationalised and the country will bear any resulting loss, so permission came through. And now the farmers and their wives can go into O——, our nearest market town, on Wednesdays and Saturdays with their rabbits and hens, eggs and vegetables and fruit, at sensible times, speedily, and in more comfort.

On Saturday evenings, however, the bus is given over to the young. The girls, with their neat, permed hair bobbing on their shoulders, sit together in pairs, alternately giggling and looking aloof, and the lads who occupy the back seats call out remarks in the queer tribal language of adolescence the world over. The lads also discuss the soccer match that took place in the afternoon, derisively if lost, and, if won, with more than a touch of smugness. The inevitable concert, either coming or just held, is another topic: the same lads who claim to have told the referee his business will go into technicalities of breath control and the proper way to sing pennillion.

The thing to do, once arrived in O——, which is twelve miles from our village and just over the Shropshire border, is to eat fish and chips: plenty of time till eight-thirty, when the last performance begins at the cinemas. The cinemas are two, neither being very forthcoming in style of presentation, and both are too mean to provide more than one feature film in a programme, but fill up with commercial 'shorts'.

As we sit eating our piping-hot fish and

chips, we can listen to three languages. In one corner there is a group of Welsh youths who expostulate, argue, laugh in a mixture of Welsh and English. In the centre of the café some Poles are in conference, side by side against the wall, defensively; one of them, a woman, nodding in heavy acquiescence to the spasmodic utterances of the men. They seem just as isolated here, in this bright, clean, cheerful room, as they are in fact in their camp just outside the town; whilst the English couples seem unaware that they are in their own country: they sit with the trepidation of foreigners, listen with half-nervous smiles to the animated groups in their midst.

We gaze down into the windy square, with its lamplight and town hall, empty now, and imposing its emptiness upon the square. Occasionally someone appears—an old woman passing from shadow into lamplight, to return a few minutes later with fish and chips for the family and lost in the shadows again, though her steps still echo in a narrow street off the square. And now a newsboy, who bobs his head into the public bar of a pub and is soon the centre of a group of young men, all diving into their pockets for pennies.

On the way to the cinema we pass the pool-room. It gives out a babble of male voices punctuated by the click of the balls: a garish place, one that could be found anywhere, from the Bronx to Tottenham Court Road; its great blind windows reflect the murky light from inside; a flight of sinister steps leads up to it from the street. For many of the lads it provides an escape from the restrictive life of the village, from the chapel morality and numerous shibboleths. Later they will leave the pool-room and go from pub to pub drinking quickly, furtively, and without much pleasure, afterwards putting in an hour at one of the cinemas to satisfy the curiosity of any chapel-minded and inquisitive girl who may question where they have been.

We are not a sophisticated cinema audience. We believe in participating in the action shown. We shout with excitement at a car chase, catcall at love scenes and cheer Mickey Mouse. We are quick to uncover the falsity of a situation and greet it with groans or sharp laughter. But at least we are lively: not sitting in stolid, weary silence as might a city audience.

Then for the return home—the highspot of the evening.

Everyone has, more or less, according to his nature, thrown his cap over the windmill. In the bus is all the atmosphere of a party as we start off at half-past eleven (with extra minutes allowed so that we may all see the end of the big picture), and the vehicle is packed to the roof.

The girls have lost their immaculate look and their faces shine: the lads, mostly farm labourers or farmers' sons, glow hotly. There are the black-haired Welsh and the red-haired Welsh much in evidence, and the girls show some fine black eyebrows with their fair hair.

Someone at the back starts up an old song, *Delyn Aur* ('The Golden Harp') and the whole bus unites in its lilting dignity of phrase. Then, with barely a pause, we switch to 'Red Sails in the Sunset', 'I Wonder Who's Kissing Her Now', and *Ar Hyd y Nos*. The favoured tunes are the ones we can sing with an elongation of the vowel sounds and a slow swinging tempo: there is nothing of the jazz fiend about your Welshman.

The bus hums its way between the black, empty hills; beyond it, behind, is silence; inside is noise, heat, light.

The conductress, wife of the driver—for this is a family affair—puts off each passenger gently, but firmly, at his point of the road. It may be a lane leading up to a farm or a track across a field: she knows—so that any man who has taken a pint too much, and is dazed by the fumy breath of the bus and the singing, can rely on her to call to him.

By midnight nearly everyone will be home, having walked or cycled along muddy tracks to where a turned-down lamp awaits them in a window.

We are tired, we are happy. Tomorrow? Tomorrow is Sunday.

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